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F. Buckley Jr. Views
MINUTES ON SEX
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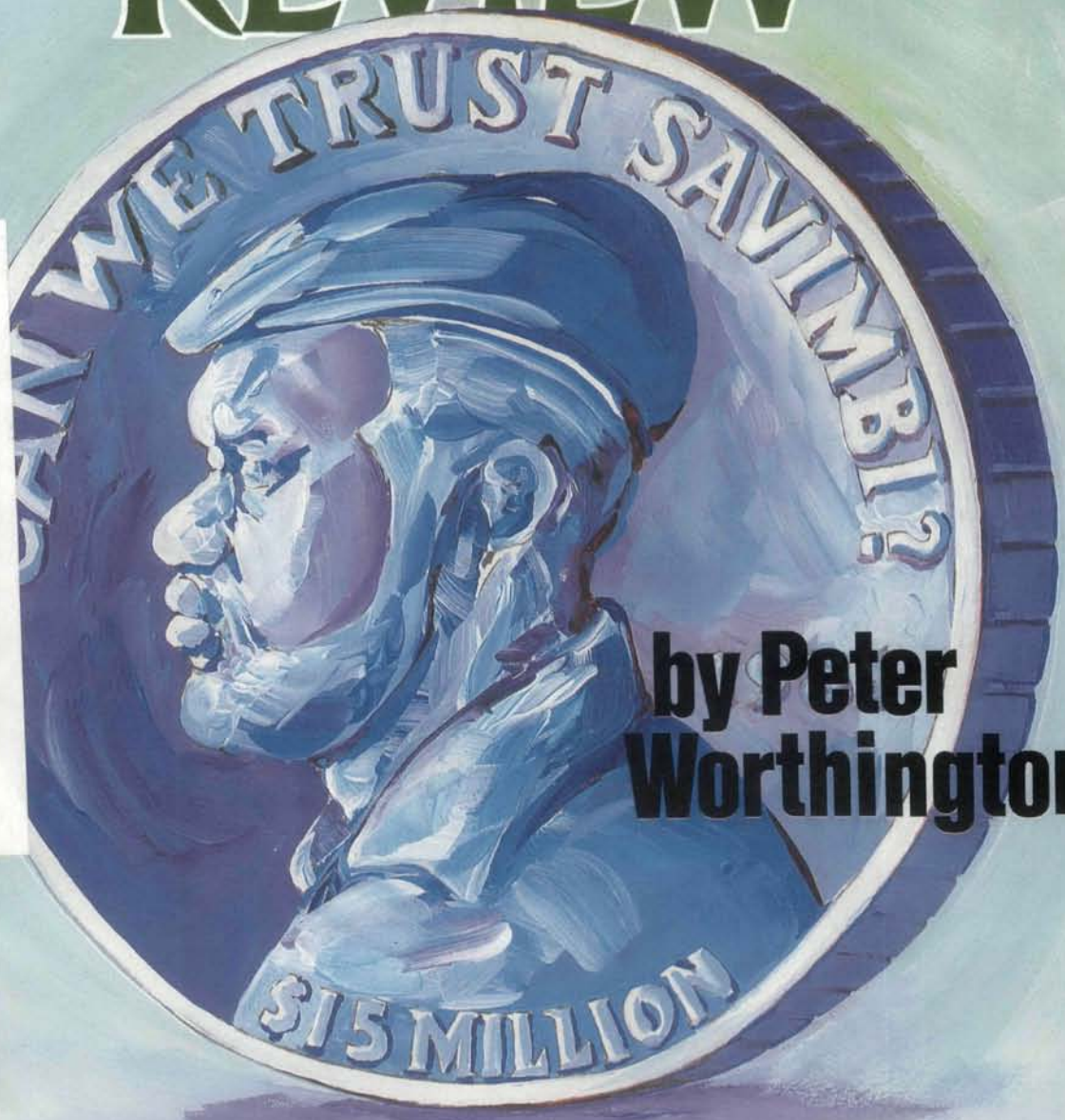

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Totalitarian Culture, by Inga Karetnikova and Igor Golomstock

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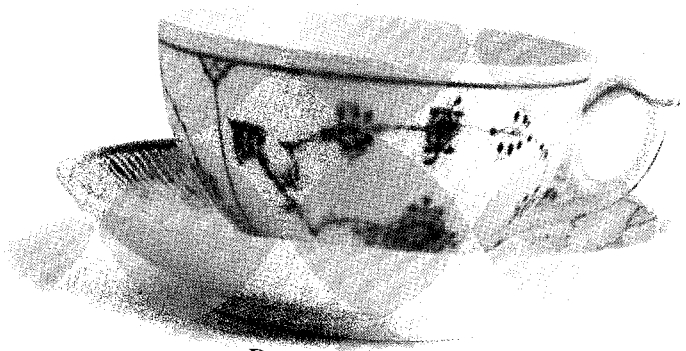

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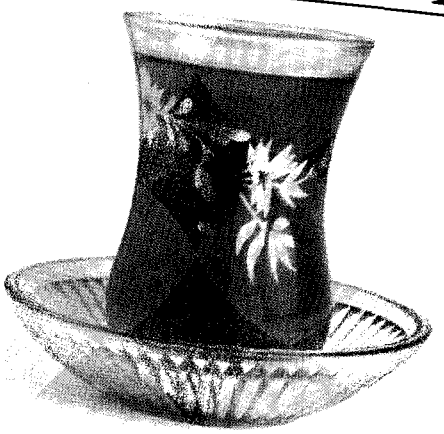

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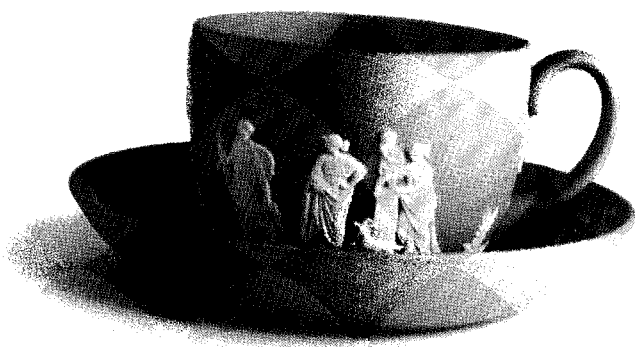

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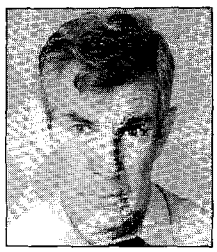
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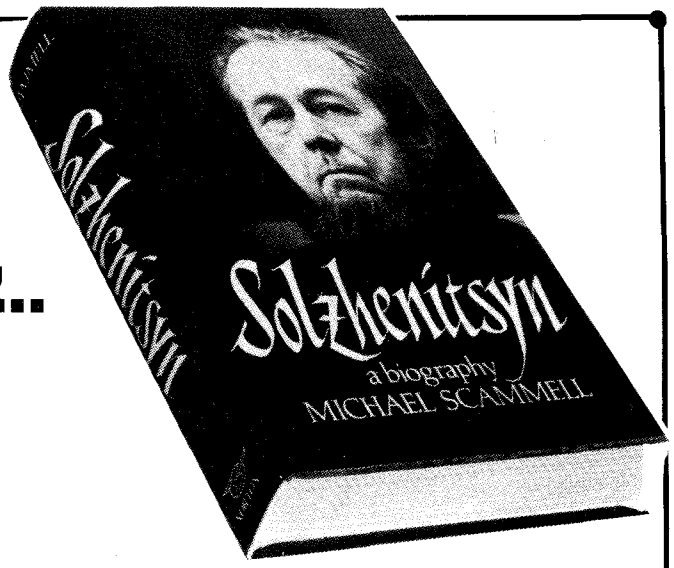

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LETTERS

Wall of Voodoo

As Selden Rodman so eloquently points out, Haiti's demons did not leave the island on the same plane as Baby Doc ["Exorcising Haiti," April 25]. The problems that plagued Haiti under the Duvaliers—violent racism, illiteracy, poverty, voodoo economics—are not going away; indeed, political instability and anti-Duvalier backlash could exacerbate them. Since Haiti's "independence" in 1804, the only period of relative tranquillity was its twenty years of occupation by United States Marines. It doesn't look as if we are going to send in the Marines this time, nor does it look as if Haiti is going to become a bastion of democracy any time in the near future.

Henry Hogan
Stamford, Conn.

Academic Freedom

I was thoroughly impressed with Lawrence Uzzell's article, "Education's Mad Science" [April 11], and I can corroborate his findings.

As a graduate of an "alternative" high school, I consider myself a classic victim of the Liberal Educational Establishment. At my school, the curriculum was heavily weighted with such "disciplines" as Arts and Crafts, Values Clarification, and Socially Conscious (read: liberal) Civics. "Irrelevant" courses such as chemistry, trigonometry, and foreign languages were not offered. This was called "academic freedom," and that's what it was: absolute freedom from anything academic.

Daniel Blaine Helphrey
Santa Ana, Calif.

Israel Is Good for Israel

Joshua Muravchik's "Is Israel Good for America?" [March 28] is indeed a partisan piece, as he admits. Nevertheless, he makes a valid point: that America's interests are better served by a de facto alliance with Israel than without one.

I would take issue with several of his statements, however. Israel's intelligence service *is* good—it has even managed to subvert Americans into spying on their own government. It is so good that it identified the success of the *USS Liberty* in intercepting Israeli communications and, as a result, put the *Liberty* out of action with an armed attack that took dozens of American lives. The Israelis are good traders, too. Information on the performance of American weapons and captured Soviet weapons was not only bartered to the U.S. military for more weaponry but also has helped Israel to become one of the world's leading arms suppliers, even to nations the U.S. will not touch.

As the saying goes, there are no friends in international politics, only interests.

Roger F. Jones
Broomall, Pa.

Secular Jihad

In reply to Jacob Neusner's "The Campus Conspiracy against the Religious Order" [March 14], most people on American campuses today are so preoccupied with their careers and diversions that they couldn't mount a conspiracy if they wanted to.

Of course, religion should have the central place in the curricula of our schools (because religiousness is the defining essence of humanity). Certainly, Protestant theologians inaugurated and have done much to sustain the academic study of religion. But Neusner makes a serious mistake when he deprecates the personal dimension of religion in order to exalt the public one. The two belong together, because religion is a matter of "ultimate" concern, as Tillich says, not a partial one.

Neusner seems to take the contemporary academy more seriously than it takes itself. Only peripherally concerned with knowledge for its own sake, academe is consumer-driven, careerist-oriented, and leftist-leaning. Politicization imperils impartiality and objectivity. But the answer is not to deprecate personal religion, the locus of faith, which both transcends and engages the public world, including the academy.

William D. Geoghegan
Professor of Religion
Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Me.

Swinging Singles

Congratulations to George Gilder for "The Princess's Problem" [Feb. 28]. It is intelligent, calm, and persuasive. I have a cavil, though.

Mr. Gilder correctly observes bachelorhood's spectacular correlations with: poverty, bad debts, criminality, violence, nervous breakdowns, accidents, disease, drugs, alcohol, commitment for insanity,

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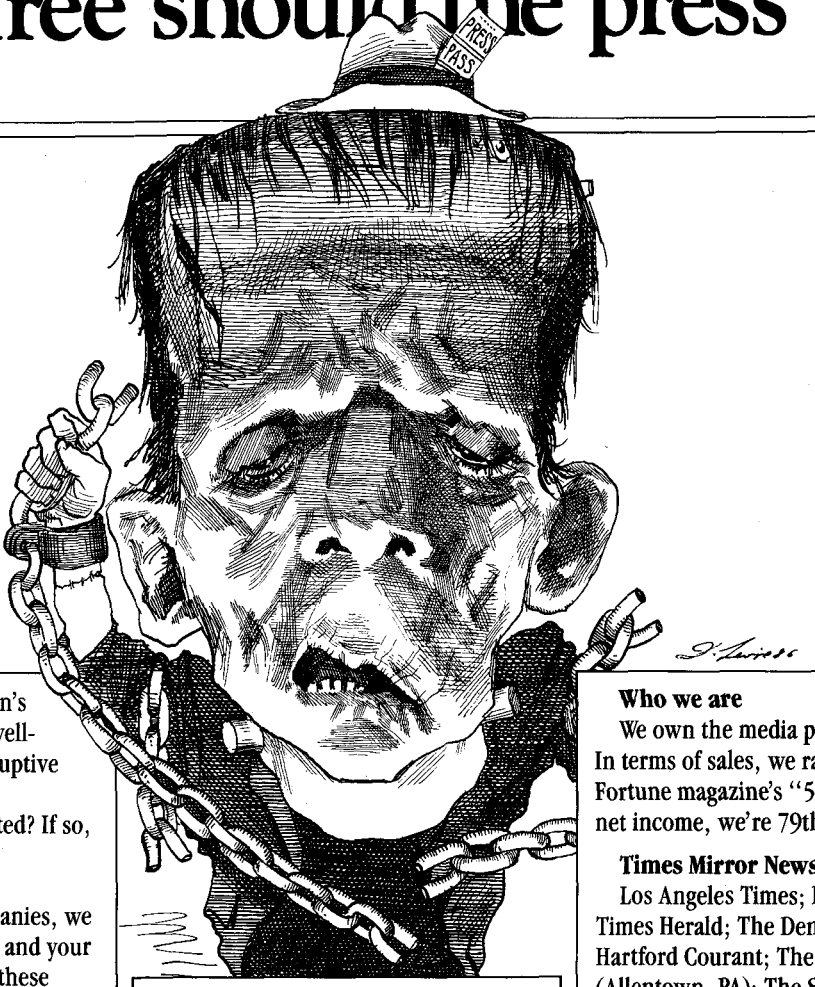

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- 78% think reporters should be allowed to keep their sources confidential; 15% disagree.
- 42% think government should require the press to cover all sides of controversial issues; 48% disagree.
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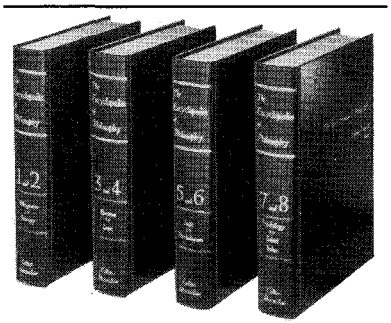

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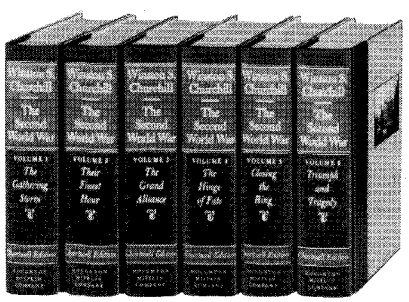

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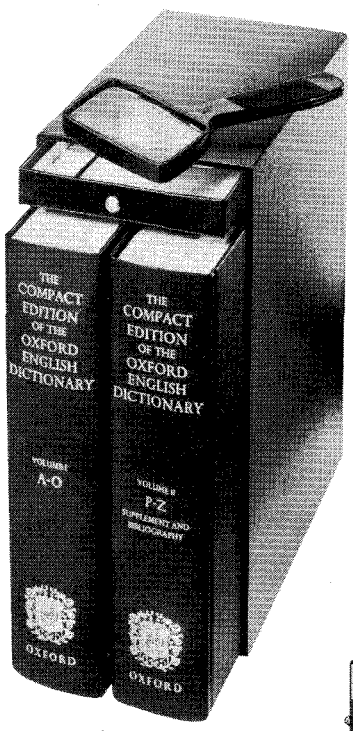
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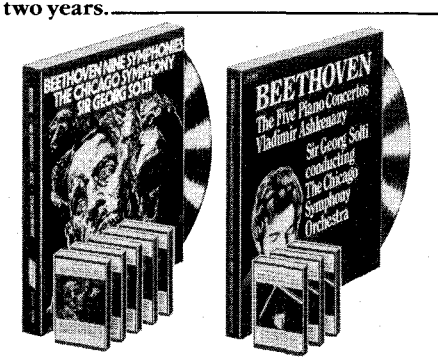
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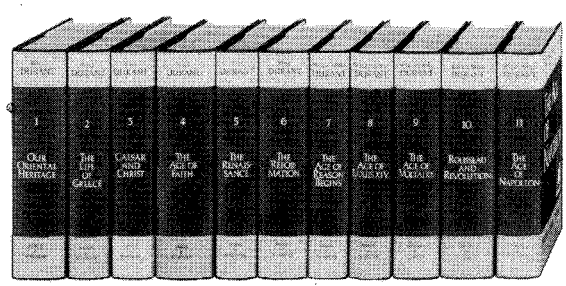

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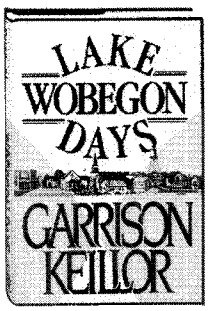

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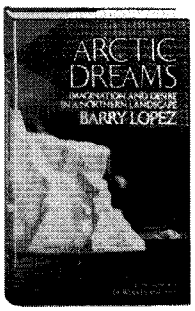

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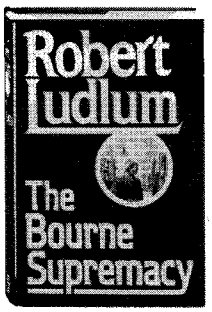

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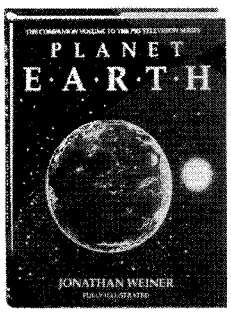
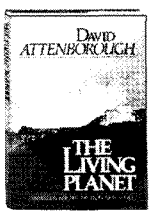
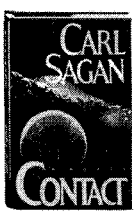


116 Pub. price $24.95

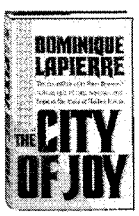
266 Pub. price $18.95



678 Pub. price $25



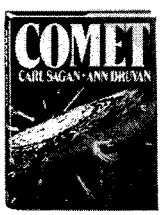
218 Pub. price $18.95



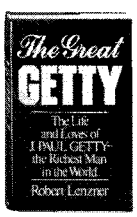
183 Pub. price $17.95

313 Pub. price $19.95

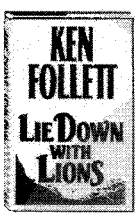
194 Pub. price $16.95



320 Pub. price $27.50



385 Pub. price $18.95



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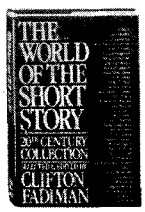

344 Pub. price $22.95

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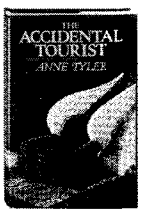

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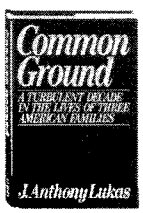

262 Pub. price $19.95

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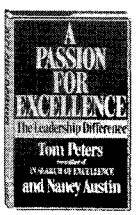
250 Pub. price $18.95



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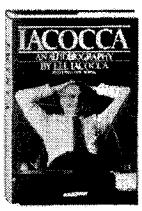
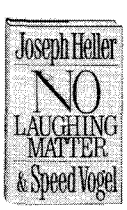
261 Pub. price $18.95



519 Pub. price $19.95



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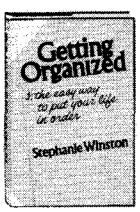

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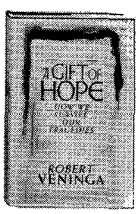

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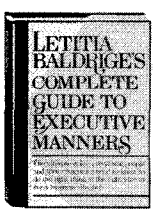
703 Pub. price $19.95

094 Pub. price $9.95



285 Pub. price $22.95

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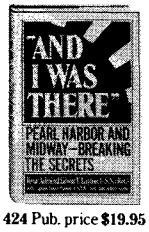
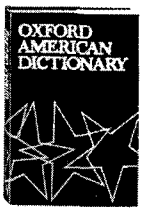


424 Pub. price $19.95



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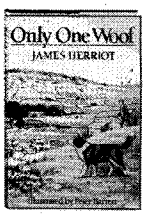

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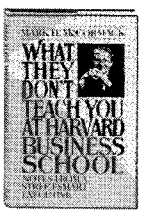

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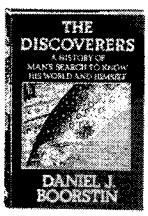
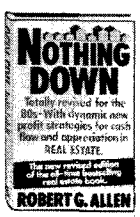


422 Pub. price $25

301 Pub. price $22.50



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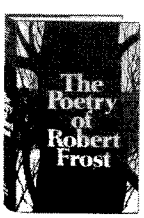
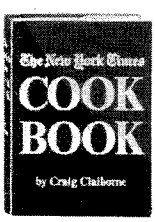


127 Pub. price $17.50

322 Pub. price $17.95



244 Pub. price $18.95

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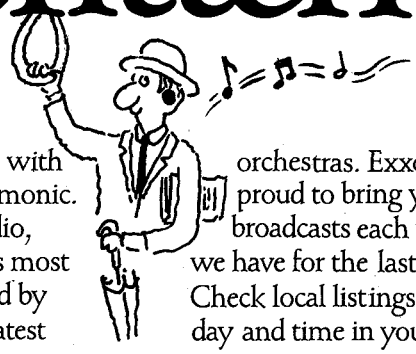
Travel to Britten



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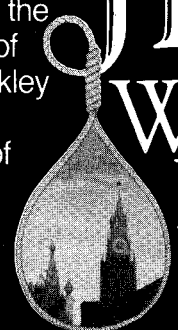
For Khrushchev, Eisenhower, and Oakes, the stakes have never been higher.

And this time, the deadly game involves even Queen Caroline and Buckingham Palace. From a covert camp for killers to a KGB trysting nest in Stockholm to the tightly closed doors of the Kremlin, Bill Buckley unwinds a chilling, heart-stopping tale of high adventure... high treason... HIGH JINX.

HIGH JINX



William F. Buckley, Jr.

A novel with Blackford Oakes

DOUBLEDAY

A MAIN SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD • At bookstores everywhere

and mortality from all causes, especially suicide.

But Mr. Gilder seems to think these disasters *are caused by* not having a wife. There might be *some* causal influence that way. But it is far more likely that such disasters and their visible predispositions interfere with *attracting* a wife. The predominant causal connection is from disasters (or predispositions) to bachelorhood, both on common experience and on Mr. Gilder's argument that women prefer successful men.

Roberto Alazar
Westchester, Calif.

Cory Euphoria

You deserve reproach for your negligent coverage of the Philippine election ["The Week," Feb. 14 and 28]. You have let whole issues pass by without hagiography of Mrs. Aquino. You have declined to publish listings of the depredations of Mr. Marcos. You have neglected to send senior editors to oversee balloting in Manila. You have hesitated to interview junior House subcommittee chairmen on the subtleties of the Tagalog polity.

This has been a grave error. You may miss the big story of 1988. The Blessed Corazon already has better name recognition in Iowa than Gary or Mario. Her video saturation level is approaching that of Joan Collins. If she can refrain from endorsing Pepsi, she should have New Hampshire in her pocket.

All I can say is, George Bush had better make sure that Weinberger and the Joint Chiefs are on his side.

C. C. Tharp
Chevy Chase, Md.

That's a Fact, Jack!

The ERRATUM of April 11 ["The Week"] erroneously blames our *Jesse Jackson & the Politics of Race* for having placed Julian Bond et al. in the role of presenting Qaddafi "The Decoration of Martin Luther King." In fact, the story starts with a brief *New York Times* report at the time correctly stating that a delegation of American blacks made the presentation, but not naming any member of the delegation; nor did our book, which quoted the *Times* story. Next, *Commentary* magazine erroneously connected the SCLC and Qaddafi, not citing our book but later blaming it, and this error was then taken from *Commentary* for an article in *U.S.A. Today* by Morris Abrams, of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, at which point all hell broke loose.

Jameson Campaigne Jr.
Publisher, Jameson Books
Ottawa, Ill.

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HOW TO BE A BANK EXAMINER.

Follow a nose that can sniff out the best deal.

Look for eyes that see the big picture, without losing sight of small details.

Do the sleeves roll up?

Hold out for hands-on experience.

Check for reflexes that can jump at unexpected opportunities.

Size up the feet. Can he stay a step ahead of the crowd?

When you're looking for a new bank, examine its people.

Because you know a bank by the people who call on you.

At Canadian Imperial Bank Group, our account officers stand up to this test every deal they do.

Most have a minimum of 5 years hands-on experience. Many have more. So they know their business.

And equally important is that they've had a lot of experience with local industry. So they know your business.

But there's more to a good bank than just having people with the right qualities. It's knowing how to use them.

Like pouncing on a fixed rate at the right time.

Or sensing a drop-out in a shared credit soon enough to jump in.

You'll appreciate having behind you one of the 10 largest banks in North America.

When it comes to choosing a bank for your corporate needs, examine the choices.

And see how we pass the test.

PUT US TO THE TEST.

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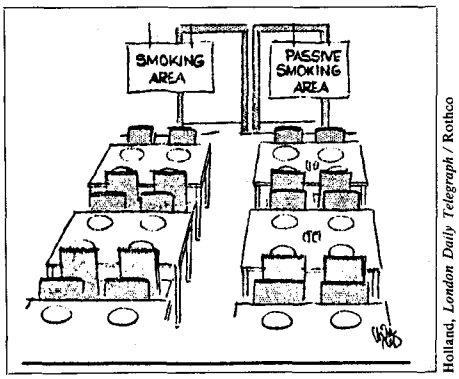
FOR THE RECORD

Who in France said no? At press time, speculation in Paris is that **Mitterrand**, asserting title as commander-in-chief, gave the negative to U.S. bombers, greatly increasing risk of mission. **Chirac**, as prime minister, appoints defense minister, but how to make constitutional assertion as planes were readying to fly? Ill-will severe, and observers are wondering whether Mitterrand was simply being spiteful, and testing his authority against that of Chirac. Inside story is bound to break. All France wants the answer, and most of America.

Either the President hasn't gotten his message across, or the American people just don't care, or both. At any rate, latest *New York Times*/CBS News poll on Nicaragua shows that while 59 per cent believe the Nicaraguan government will provide the Soviet Union with bases, and 56 per cent agree the Sandinistas are a threat to other Central American countries, only 33 per cent of Americans support **Ronald Reagan**'s plea for aid to the Contras. . . . Washington in a dither over do-it-yourself diplomacy by Democratic congressmen in Panama (Contadora meeting) and Argentina last week. In Buenos Aires, a member of **Tip O'Neill**'s delegation informed President **Raúl Alfonsín** that Reagan was "a warmonger," and, according to **Evans & Novak**, **Marty Russo** (Ill.) told anyone who would listen that "Reagan's not going to be happy until he gets into a war in Central America." Alfonsín, incidentally, told O'Neill that he and other Latin American leaders want to encourage "the establishment and strengthening of a pluralist democracy in Nicaragua." . . . In Panama, **Michael Barnes** (Md.), an uninvited guest at Contadora meeting, insisted U.S. was responsible for its collapse, while numbers of Latin American diplomats blamed Sandinista intransigence for the failure. . . . On the other



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

hand, **Les Aspin**, chairman of House Armed Services Committee, made quick, unpublicized trip to Managua earlier this month and found, to his surprise, more support there for Contras than for Sandinistas. Aspin has in past opposed Contra aid. . . . Novelist **Graham Greene**, who can be counted upon to oppose the U.S. in any crisis, has returned to London from a trip to Nicaragua and reports that he has found, "as a Catholic, that the stories of religious persecution are a lie." He should have talked to ten Nicaraguan bishops who recently signed an open letter of protest to the government on its treatment of the church.

Erosion in Republican support continues. **Harris** now puts Democratic registration ahead of Republican registration, 39 to 31 per cent. In November 1984 and shortly thereafter they were roughly at parity. . . . Despite which political analyst **Kevin Phillips** reports congressional-election polls show "only a small to middling trend away from the GOP," suggesting "only light (ten- to 15-seat) losses for GOP" in House races in November. The average loss for the party in power—the "Six-Year Itch" as they call it—since the days of **Woodrow Wilson** is 41 seats in the House, seven in the Senate. . . . Former White House political chief **Ed Rollins** believes successful Republican fundraising tactics give the party distinct edge. Large GOP war chests, he says, have discouraged big-name Democrats from entering a number of key House and Senate races. . . . A case in point is New York, where the best the Democrats seem able to do against Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato** (and his hefty kitty) is to field former **Ralph Nader** aide **Mark Green**. Green managed **Ramsey Clark**'s unsuccessful senatorial campaign in 1976. . . . In California, *Los Angeles Times* poll has **Bruce Herschensohn** ahead in crowded GOP senatorial primary race with 12 per cent, to 9 per cent for next two candidates, Rep. **Mike Antonovich** and **Ed Davis**. Both Herschensohn and Antonovich are conservatives, as, of course, is **Arthur Laffer**. Matched against Sen. **Alan Cranston**, Rep. **Bobbi Fiedler** runs best (22 to 22). Cranston leads Laffer by one point (28 to 27) and Herschensohn by four points. . . . Same poll shows Republican Gov. **George Deukmejian** pulling away from Los Angeles Mayor **Tom Bradley**, 55 to 39 per cent. Bradley, who has misfortune of being on same ticket as very unpopular California Chief Justice **Rose Bird**, says he won't take any position on whether she should be re-elected because the courts should be separated from "partisan politics." . . . In Georgia, former **Jimmy Carter** aide **Hamilton Jordan** says he hopes to emerge as the "conservative alternative" to Rep. **Wyche Fowler** in Democratic senatorial primary. Jordan, among other things, favors aid to the Contras. Winner takes on Sen. **Mack Mattingly**. . . . One reason there's so little enthusiasm among Massachusetts Republicans to run in Tip O'Neill's 8th CD: GOP registration there is lower even than in D.C.—9 per cent. Young **Joe Kennedy** well ahead in polls, with black radical **Mel King** next, and **James Roosevelt Jr.** well back. . . . On national level, Rep. **Jack Kemp** is fleshing out his staff for '88 run. White House speechwriter **Ben Elliott** plans to resign to join Kemp's staff, also White House executive assistant **Don Eberle**. *Human Events* reports Kemp has also signed up **Charles Black** of powerhouse Republican public-relations firm of Black, **Manafort**, and **Stone**.

As of this writing, only nation to recognize Libya's claim to entire Gulf of Sidra is Burkina Faso, *né* Upper Volta.

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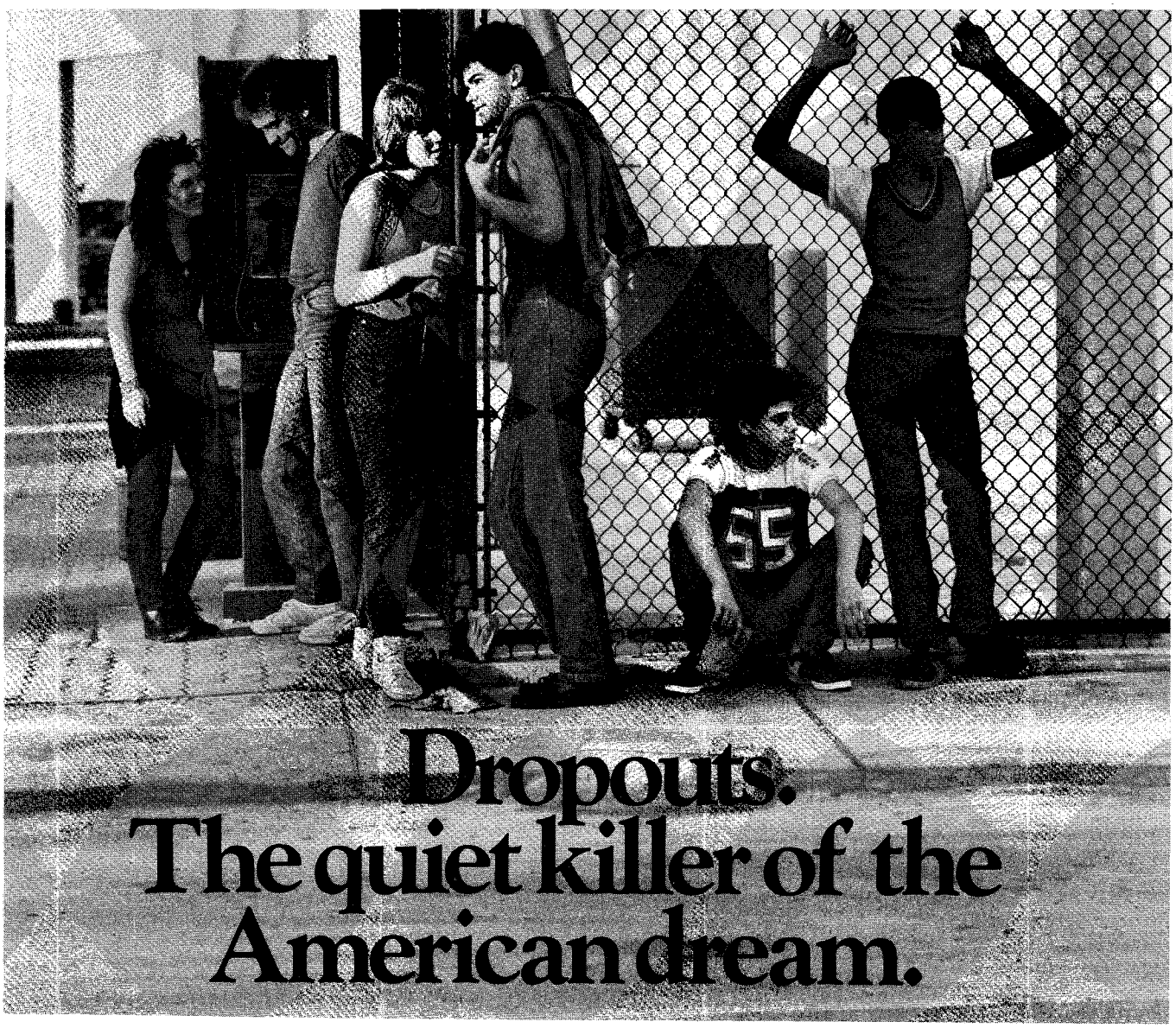

Dropouts. The quiet killer of the American dream.

Once a dilemma. Now a crisis.

Thirty percent of America's teenagers aren't graduating from high school. That's three quarters of a million dropouts each year.

In our large cities—Boston, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia—the dropout rate is 35-50%.

The cost to society of the dropout crisis is staggering. More than half of the nation's prison inmates are dropouts—and it costs taxpayers up to $25,000 a year to house a prisoner in a correctional institution. That total is higher than the cost of a year of education at either Harvard or Yale.

The Business Advisory Commission of the Education Commission of the States recently called on all of society—business, schools, civic organizations, labor and professional groups— to address the dropout problem. We as a nation cannot let one quarter of America's youth continue to drift toward hopelessness.

That's why the National Education Association has initiated a major new effort to rescue young people from academic failure. NEA has committed $1.7 million to this effort—one dollar for every NEA member. We will devote $700,000 to this war-chest against scholastic failure to Operation Rescue, our new program to combat the dropout and illiteracy syndrome.

The remaining $1 million will establish an endowment to make educational excellence grants available to teachers for years to come. And we're asking other concerned groups—both inside and outside education—to join teachers in building this fund. Our aim is to begin funding local dropout prevention programs by the fall of 1986.

Our goal with Operation Rescue? We want to help cut the dropout rate in half by 1990.

Our goal as an association? In over 128 years, that's never wavered. We stand for excellence in every classroom, for every child.

nea
National Education Association

THE SUBJECT IS EXCELLENCE

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THE WEEK

☐ Too bad kids have to get hurt, eh, Colonel?

☐ One potential target that U.S. fighter jets apparently missed during the Gulf of Sidra confrontation was Louis Farrakhan, who was visiting his pal "Muammar Dearest" Qaddafi and attending an international terrorist convention. Fellow conventioneers included Palestinians from Abu Nidal's terrorist cell, and members of the IRA, the Red Brigades, and Baader-Meinhof. During the festivities, Farrakhan introduced Grand Marshal Qaddafi by saying, "No one in the world at large can stop us." Qaddafi told the gathering, "We will go out of control defending ourselves." The wild bunch rides again.

☐ By the margin of a few votes, the O'Neill forces in the House of Representatives managed to tie the Contra-aid measure to what Minority Leader Robert Michel called a "great rancid barrel of pork," a catchall $1.7-billion spending bill that is strongly opposed by the White House. Thus leftist Democrats tried to block aid, while simultaneously avoiding the increasing stigma of an implicit alliance with Ortega and Castro. This slippery scheme was upset at the last minute, however, by a Republican maneuver to pull the aid package off the House floor until May 12, when a majority will be able to vote to reconsider it. "They took a legislative dive," fumed House Majority Whip Thomas Foley. Muck-mouthed bottom-feeders like Foley shouldn't talk about diving. See you in May, guys.

☐ It's reported that the House Democratic leadership mustered votes against aid to the Contras by urging party members to reject the aid as a parting favor to Tip O'Neill, who is serving his final term. Imagine what their retirement gift to Ron Dellums will be. Dismantle DOD?

☐ DEPARTMENT OF DEEP THINK: Long-range thinker Peter Drucker writes in the magazine *Foreign Affairs* that in the foreseeable future: raw-material costs will cease to have much effect on industry because new industrial processes require fewer raw materials and much less energy; the global food supply will outstrip demand; blue-collar jobs will decline even as manufacturing experiences a boom. Drucker sees the effort to preserve blue-collar jobs as a recipe for unemployment. Among major nations, Drucker says, only the Soviet Union seems likely to depend upon imported food. In an internationalized economy, businesses will need to find a way to protect themselves from swings in the exchange rate and other macro pitfalls.

☐ The Justice Department is looking into charges that a nightclub in Charlottesville, Virginia, played "white" kinds of music, like country & Western and heavy metal rock, in order to discourage black patronage. Although the *Washington Post* notes cautiously that "there is no requirement under federal law that music in a public facility must appeal equally to all racial and ethnic groups," the possibilities are clearly endless: labels on albums of Scottish bagpipe music warning of unbalanced ethnic content, quotas for big-band dance music to cope with age bias on MTV, perhaps even federal guidelines on over-representation at Carnegie Hall of dead German men.

☐ James Friel teaches a course in the philosophy of citizenship at the State University of New York at Farmingdale. He has also written a book, *The Gospel According to Reagan*, ha ha, funny stuff. Gerard Arthus, a 33-year-old student affiliated with Accuracy in Academia, recently asked a question in class that the professor didn't like, whereupon Friel threw him out. Arthus went to the administration and got a letter authorizing him to return to class. This time, Friel called two security guards, who threw Arthus to the floor, kneed his back, and yanked his neck. Very interesting, academic-freedomwise. If Arthus returns, he should carry some Mace.

☐ The *New York Times*, *Time*, and other media heavies solemnly announced last week that two panels of American and Western European "experts" and "specialists," "after three years of study," have determined that a nuclear-test-ban treaty—which Mikhail Gorbachev favors and Ronald Reagan opposes—would help to arrest nuclear proliferation. The touted three-year studies could have been produced by a thoughtful nonspecialist in one long evening. The "expert" racket—whereby questions of a practical and political nature are dressed up as scientific inquiries and then

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE FLAWS in the consultation-with-Congress requirement of the War Powers Act broke out like a rash over the U.S. counterstrike against Libya. Summoned to the White House for a 4 P.M. meeting, congressional leaders were there presented with evidence of Qaddafi's responsibility for terrorist attacks "so incontrovertible" that even Senator Chris Dodd (D., Conn.) appeared grudgingly convinced. Indeed, across-the-board congressional reaction was at worst muted and at best overwhelming. The exceptions were Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd (D., W.Va.) and the ranking member of the Foreign Relations Committee, Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.), who indulged in some hand-wringing over President Reagan's alleged failure to comply with the consultation provision. "He announced his decision," huffed Byrd, "rather than consult with us on it."

The irony of the complaint as it unfolded was worthy of a Juvenal satire. Despite the privy nature of the meeting, Byrd and Pell couldn't wait to break the news that Mr. Reagan would appear on television at 9 P.M. (EST) that night; they informed the press at about 6:35 P.M., some 45 minutes before White House Press Secretary Larry Speakes. White House officials were exasperated by the Byrd/Pell leak; they knew the Libyans would have no difficulty figuring out that the President would be addressing the nation *after* the strike, not before it; reporting on it, not announcing it. "Those thirty to 45 minutes were crucial to our pilots' safety in getting out," stressed a White House aide. "But Byrd and Pell had to get their headlines, trade off the big story despite national security." A trifle harsh perhaps, but a good lesson in what's wrong with "consulting" Congress. Not only can't members keep their mouths shut when a microphone looms, but the ones who gripe most about not being consulted are the very ones who abuse consultation worst.

George Bush's call for "stabilized" oil pricing has political Washington scenting blood. What is so astounding about the Vice President's words is that he failed to calculate their political toll. Instead, they seemed to come all too naturally to the aristocratic Texan-by-choice who made a modest fortune in the oil business. "When it's sub zero in Iowa and New Hampshire in the winter of '88," says a Democratic congressman, "you can be sure that both Democrats and Republicans will remind George of his words." Many seasoned observers here believe that Bush is showing himself to be an accident-prone political figure who may be blowing a big lead in the GOP presidential sweepstakes. "The Vice President has no independent identity to anchor him," says one Hill neo-con. "He drifts from flub to flub."

While there's no doubt that Bush had a point to make, it's also clear that he should have talked about "the freefall"—his term—differently. "A dilemma facing the American people—George could have made his point that way," noted former Energy/Defense Secretary James Schlesinger. He went on to explain the dilemma thus: Lower oil prices are "an economic advantage in the short run, but a national-security disadvantage in the long run."

But the really tough criticism came from his political loyalists. "I couldn't believe it, given Bush's background," said quondam Bush advisor David Keene, currently Executive Director of the American Conservative Union (ACU) and advisor to Bob Dole. "The last thing George needs to be doing is carrying water for the oil industry and the international banks. It was as if his whole résumé was talking."

The White House is softer on Bush, seeing his current *bêtise* more as a function of front-runner status than as an example of political bungling. "He's being Muskied," says one top White House aide (not Bush's). "It's the front-runner problem: No matter what you do, it's wrong. The difference between Reagan and Bush on oil is minor," he declares, "but this one is taking on a life of its own. When Mondale was front-runner, he went through it, too."

Most politicos in this hard-nosed city are not so gentle, the consensus among them being that the damage from the Great Bush Oil Spill will be great, and probably long-term. "Whenever oil prices go up," says one insider, "Jack Kemp will be there to pin the dollar sign on George's rump. Dole won't hesitate either." Bush, nevertheless, can still boast "a better than 60 per cent chance" of capturing the nomination, according to Keene, who adds quickly, however, that he would have been "better off going on vacation these past six months." —CATO

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turned over to politically predictable specialists—has grown wearisomely familiar. The present gig would have got little attention except for the list of signatories to the American report, which included General Brent Scowcroft, the hard-line chairman of the commission that saved the MX and a professional associate of Henry Kissinger. It turns out that Scowcroft, who opposes a test ban, did not see the final draft before lending his name to it, having been assured that it was inoffensive. Moreover, it *is* mostly inoffensive: It barely mentions a test ban, to which it gives only a boilerplate endorsement. But that, of course, is what got the headlines.

☐ IMPERIALISM QUIZ. *True or false:* Libya was better off when Mussolini ran it. *True or false:* The world was better off when Mussolini ran Libya. *True or false:* Ethiopia was better off when Mussolini ran it. *True or false:* Uganda was better off when the British ran it.

☐ East Germany, in a cost-cutting move, now "mans" some machine-gun posts along the Wall with cardboard replicas of guards, leaving the job of slaughtering freedom seekers to land mines, automated weapons, barbed wire, booby traps, and dogs.

☐ It's important to be clear about the nature of our quarrel with Qaddafi. It is *not* because he is promoting "Moslem fundamentalist revolution," as the President unfortunately put it at his press conference, that we object to him. It is because he is a rabid Soviet

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client who murders Americans. We have no quarrel with Islam as such, and we should never give the impression that we do—not when the Moslem world numbers more than half a billion people, most of whom are fiercely anti-Communist, and many of whom are being steadily murdered by Soviet forces in Afghanistan. Qaddafi's respect for the rights and lives of Moslems, in any case, seems not to exceed his respect for those of infidels.

☐ Here's the sort of story that gets printed, if at all, in the depths of the financial section. Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang has unveiled a new five-year plan to steer the world's most populous country (and biggest Communist mistake) to a free-market economy. Stand by for another "unexpected" Asian miracle.

☐ The latest Vatican statement on "liberation theology" adopts a conciliatory tone, stressing the traditional commitment of the Church to the poor of the world, while at the same time leaving in no doubt the Church's primary concern for the soul and for eternity as against the this-worldly and political thrust of the principal liberation theologians. The document notably rejects the idea of "class struggle," a fundamental of Marxism that is the new wine often poured by liberation theologians into the old bottles of Christian theology. The conciliatory tone properly leaves the door ajar for such liberation theologians as wish to get their metaphysics straight.

☐ Risking the wrath of environmentalists, Iraq admits that its latest missile attack on the usual "large naval target" hit a whale. A big whale, to be sure. No damage reports were given, and we are dying to know what guidance system is used on a whale-seeking missile.

☐ It is revealed that Bess Truman was "very angry" at Harry for not being consulted on whether to drop the A-bomb. That about cinches it for an old question. You can't tell *everything* to your wife. We might still be fighting World War II.

☐ Mr. Mitch Snyder, impresario of various unpleasantnesses in Washington, has now produced three "homeless" chaps to plow up the Capitol grounds with little red tillers and plant corn, and it seemed a pretty good idea until we stopped to ponder the staggering surplus of corn already produced at that site.

☐ Mr. George Ludcke has, in a verse, proposed to honor the IRS by making our national tree the eucalyptus.

☐ Lawyers don't often enough get the worst of it, so it is a distinct pleasure to see a fancy Washington law firm go belly up after first specializing in antitrust work, then moving into environmental law: both causes of yesteryear that have dwindled to insignificance in the Reagan years.

☐ After a three-month investigation marked by heated debate, the Indiana State Police have concluded that a man who died of 32 hammer blows to the head was murdered, and was not, as the original ruling had it, a suicide.

☐ NBC reporter Mark Nykanen has joined the Queen of England, Henry Kissinger, and the dreaded Council on Foreign Relations in Lyndon LaRouche's bogeyman zoo. During a recent press conference at which the reporter asked LaRouche about donors to his organization, Mr. Nut stopped the questioning by saying, "How can I talk with a drug pusher like you?"

☐ What this country really needs is a wall of separation between taxpayer and state.

☐ Absolutely no truth to the rumor that New York and Carmel are planning to swap mayors.

☐ So Clint won. The problem of Reagan's successor may be solving itself.

While Europe Cowered

ON THE EVE of the U.S. air attacks against Libya, America's allies in Western Europe were falling over one another in a mad dash to demonstrate which was the least provocative, most cautious, least militaristic, most tolerant, least hasty, and most ad nauseam in its response to Colonel Qaddafi's unleashing of terrorist warfare on European soil.

It was a sorry chapter in the annals of the West. Skittishness over Soviet military power is understandable, and quibbling over agricultural policy is downright democratic. But nothing excused the sorry performance of the Allies in the face of overt, state-supported terrorism originating from a country incapable of posing a serious military threat to any of them. The Reagan Administration did not ask the Allies to participate in military action against Libya. But it did expect understanding and political support should such action prove necessary. In this it was sorely disappointed. The Administration had also asked the Allies, ever so politely, to consider taking strong political action against Qaddafi, such as announcing economic sanctions or breaking diplomatic relations. Aside from a few token expulsions, the Allies only wrung their hands. France even denied overflight rights [see p. 12] to U.S. warplanes staging out of Great Britain (the only country that assisted at all), forcing the warplanes to take a long and circui-

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tous route and thus adding greatly to the risks for U.S. servicemen.

For some reason, the Europeans cannot seem to comprehend what the West is really up against in Muammar el-Qaddafi. When tidbit fractions of factions in Lebanon or elsewhere make bombs, undertake suicide missions, and otherwise wreak havoc in the name of obscure causes, that is terrorism of the garden or criminal variety, a nasty plague to be sure, but not an issue that should overly engage the attention of a superpower or its allies. But when a sovereign state such as Libya openly advocates, promotes, and sponsors terrorism against American and other Western targets, that is terrorism of an entirely different order indeed. It amounts to a declaration of war, and should be treated as such. Appeasement will only fuel the fire under the madman's cauldron. If the industrial democracies cannot even unite against an international outlaw who threatens the internal peace of civilized countries everywhere, but whose real military power is sharply limited, then the Western world has come to a sorry pass.

The Reagan Administration, at least, has acted with the courage and vision so urgently needed by Western leaders in the late twentieth century. It deserves the enthusiastic support it is earning in thoughtful quarters.

Stockman

THE FIRST excerpt from David Stockman's *The Triumph of Politics: Why the Reagan Revolution Failed* has now appeared in *Newsweek*. While we await further excerpts and the book itself, and will surely have more to say about it, a number of things may even now be observed about its larger political thesis.

Stockman depicts himself as having been a naïve 34-year-old supply-side ideologue in 1981. He then believed that large cuts in marginal tax rates would stimulate the economy, but that, though increased economic activity would generate more federal tax revenue, there nevertheless would have to be huge cuts in domestic spending to avoid major deficits.

The (modified) Kemp-Roth tax cuts sailed through. The spending cuts did not. They would have affected farm and dairy subsidies, oil-depletion allowances, welfare for the able-bodied poor, Social Security, Medicare, Head Start, veterans' benefits, supplemental-income payments, summer-job subsidies, foreign aid, school lunches for the affluent, highway-repair subsidies, tobacco subsidies, aviation subsidies, and on and on.

It is here, according to Stockman, that the Reagan Revolution ground to a halt. Tip O'Neill, "with his massive corpulence and scarlet, varicose nose, was a Hogarthian embodiment of the superstate he had labored so long to maintain." Republicans defended the status quo with equal vigor. Chief-of-staff James Baker carried a bazooka that he wielded against anyone who mentioned the dread words "Social Security." Al Haig stormily blocked foreign-aid cuts. Senator Helms defended his tobacco farmers. Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis protected $16 billion in the highway-repair slush fund. The federal gravy train rolled over the Reagan Revolution.

It is only too understandable that Stockman's political conclusions are gloomy. He agrees with those who argue that much federal social spending is a drag on the economy, but he has seen that the political system operates to protect the status quo, and he believes that Americans have endorsed the modern welfare state because they vote for politicians who protect it. The Reagan Revolution was utopian, he now thinks; even Reagan would not go to the mat for it, and so it should never have been tried.

There exists, however, no metaphysical necessity behind this shell-shocked conclusion. The actuarial tables are far different today from those of 1940, when Social Security took hold. Reform is thinkable. Tobacco, cheese, potholes, counter-productive foreign aid, and all the rest need not be immortal. Reagan began the re-examination. The job is to move ahead with it, and create a modern, dynamic economy.

Mr. Bush Stumbles

It's true that Texans look as though
Count Dracula just had a go,
And doubtless Oklahoma's due
For times recalling '32,
But Mr. Bush made drivers wince
By calling on a Saudi prince
To halt the plunging price of crude.
(Their gestures bordered on the rude.)

W. H. VON DREELE

Hanky-Panky on Taxes

ACCORDING TO Civics 101, the Founders intended the House of Representatives to represent people and the Senate to represent states. So what would they have made of the present-day Senate Finance Committee, a body that represents things? Senators Packwood (Republican, Timber), Bentsen (Democrat, Oil), and Heinz (Republican, Steel) defend their inanimate constituents more obstinately than most congressmen defend their flesh-and-blood ones. On tax reform, the committee has already contrived to make Dan Rostenkowski's henchmen look like starry-eyed idealists by comparison. Now it is turning its attention to foreign policy, with equally damaging results.

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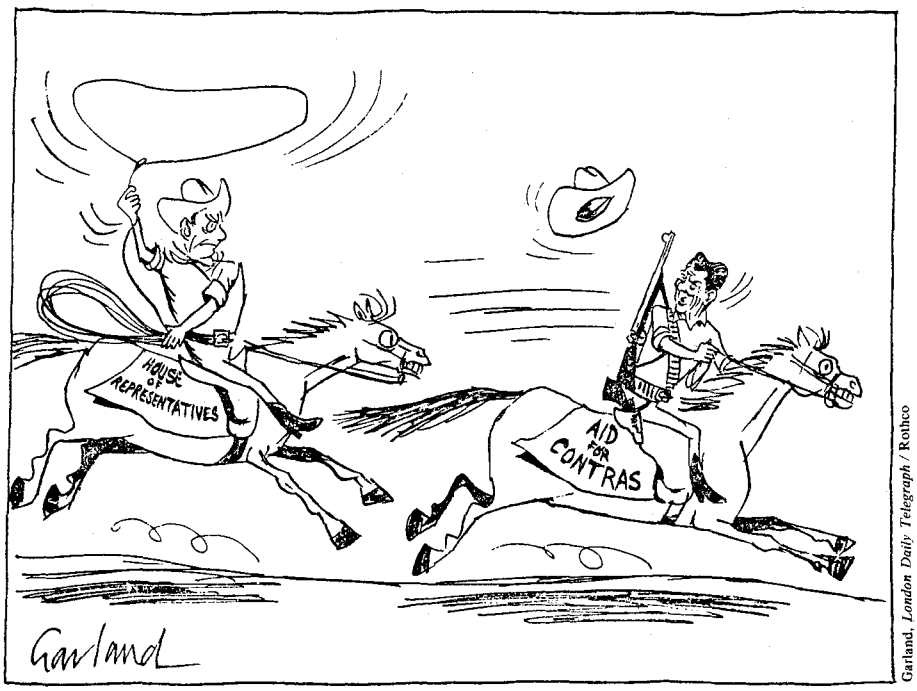
Up to now, U.S.-Canadian relations, though a perennial eye-glazer among news topics, had been shaping up as a potential triumph for Reagan Administration diplomacy. Fed up with suffering the economic indignities of a Third World country without even the compensation of a balmy climate, Canadians a couple of years back tossed out Pierre Trudeau's Liberal Party, with its fondness for U.S.-bashing trade barriers. The Reagan Administration has been making the most of this thaw by negotiating a free-trade pact that could knit the two countries closer together than ever before. Most U.S. manufacturers and farmers would gain new markets in such a deal, but inevitably there are some sectors of the economy that would face new low-cost competition. Unfortunately their number may include timber, oil, and steel, which is why the pact is attracting the hostile attention of the Finance Committee.



Garland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

At least we can hope the Canadian issue will distract the committee from its work on tax reform, and especially from Senator Packwood's misbegotten scheme to deny corporations deductibility for the excise taxes and tariffs they pay. The effect of this scheme in practice would be the equivalent of hiking those tariffs and excise taxes sharply, with calamitous effects on trade and on a variety of industries large and small (trucking, liquor, luggage). But its worst effect by far would be in principle, in its casual assumption that routine business expenses are really "loopholes" to be closed. That assumption would transform the whole idea of the corporate profits tax from a tax on profits—that is, money left over for shareholders—to a tax on revenues or sales, and at the prohibitive rate of 46 per cent. Since no one is really willing to defend a 46 per cent sales tax on business, the true significance of the Packwood proposal is that some legislators would like the tax code to be what many tax protestors say it is: a naked grab for dollars with no pretension to intellectual integrity.

Wallace's Last Message

GEORGE CORLEY WALLACE has announced his intention of retiring at the end of his gubernatorial term in January, but it's as if he had already retired long ago. He ceased being an important national force in 1972—not because he was shot and permanently crippled, but because he chose not to bolt the Democratic Party.

Wallace made his greatest impact in 1968, when he ran for President on his own party ticket, the ad hoc American Independent Party. With his fierce humor and a gift for the colorful phrase, he jeered that there wasn't "a dime's worth of difference" between the two major parties. And as Nixon and Humphrey pulled about 43 per cent each, Wallace grabbed an impressive 14 per cent of the popular vote. He sent them a message, and foreshadowed the coming national realignment.

But Wallace had no fundamental quarrel with the national Democratic Party. He proved that in the year of McGovern when, after a crippling bullet stopped his brilliant primary campaign, he more or less acquiesced in the party's radicalization. Many of his followers left the party without him; McGovern was trounced; and eventually Reagan made everyone forget Wallace.

Wallace briefly represented anti-liberal protest. Unlike Reagan, he wasn't serious about conservatism or about governing in any principled way. He was a shrewd and energetic maneuverer. But he missed his chance to hasten party realignment and to claim some lasting credit for it. He will finish his career in a thoroughly McGovernite Democratic Party, as if he never got his own message.

Contadora Collapse

THROUGHOUT THE national debate on U.S. policy toward Central America, the term "Contadora" has been a code word for liberal Democrats and certain of their Republican counterparts. Indeed, they have turned Contadora into a magical incantation: Abandon all counterproductive support of the Contras, engage in negotiations with the Sandinistas, and—abraca-

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dabra!—pluck peace from the hat of Central America.

This perspective was long on idealism but short on reality. It failed to give the Reagan Administration credit for numerous attempts to engage the Sandinistas in negotiations, and it chose to overlook the Administration's fundamental support for the so-called Contadora process—the ongoing effort launched a few years ago by Mexico, Panama, Venezuela, and Coombia to find a diplomatic solution to the tense situation in Central America. The Administration's only serious difference with the Contadora countries has been its belief—born of experience—that the Sandinistas were unlikely to accept a negotiated settlement in the absence of military pressure from outside.

On April 7, the Contadora process ground to a halt probably forever. The Contadora talks, then being held in Panama City, did not collapse for lack of support from the Reagan Administration nor for lack of effort on the part of the Contadora countries. They self-destructed because of the intransigence of Nicaragua, which refused to agree to a timetable for achieving a negotiated peace that 12 other Latin American foreign ministers had agreed to. "Nicaragua rejected everything that was presented to it," said Vice President Rudolf Castillo Claramount of El Salvador. "There is nothing left to talk about." U.S. Representative Bill Richardson (D., N.M.), who was sent to the talks by Tip O'Neill as an observer, returned with the report that two Cuban advisors to the Sandinista delegation had advised it to adopt an unyielding position of no compromise. Richardson's report, promptly denied by Nicaragua and Panama, nevertheless is likely to have a sobering effect on liberal doubters on Capitol Hill.

Pass the Rope

THEY'RE CALLING him a "Stepin Fetchit," a "lackey," a "houseboy." He's black. And the liberal press sees no reason to get upset with them for these slurs.

He, of course, is Clarence Pendleton, the most openly hated man in Washington. They, of course, are the civil-rights establishment. As chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, Pendleton has made them very angry indeed. He has attacked the civil-rights "leadership," racial quotas, welfare dependency, "comparable worth," and "set-asides"—federal aid and contract quotas for minority-owned businesses.

Pendleton's manner is abrasive, all right, and one member of the commission who usually votes with him, John Bunzel, has publicly called on him to resign. But Pendleton is gentility itself compared to Mary Frances Berry, the Abzugian commission member who last month accused Pendleton and former staff director Linda Chavez of using the commission as "their private cookie jar." Despite the implication of corruption, she didn't spell it out. And Benjamin Hooks of the NAACP has likened the commission's Reagan appointees to the Ku Klux Klan. Such are the people who were protesting, not long ago, James Watt's breaches of etiquette.

The word they're really groping for is "uppity." The chairman of the Civil Rights Commission is *supposed* to be a "lackey"—of the civil-rights tribalists. Pendleton poses a threat to all those who make their living as middlemen of the welfare state. Worse than that, he poses a threat to their moral legitimacy and even their self-esteem. That's why they are out for blood.

Pendleton is currently under investigation on a number of matters, ranging from a General Accounting Office report of mismanagement to charges of business fraud back home in San Diego. We are in no position to pronounce on his innocence or guilt. But we note the bitterness and even the ruthlessness of his enemies: In requesting the GAO audit, for example, a group of liberal Democrats, led by Congressman Don Edwards of California, instructed the GAO to depart from its usual practice of incorporating into its report the account given by the party under investigation.

Criticism is one thing, smearing another. To paraphrase Kingman Brewster, it's a good question whether a black man can get a fair trial in Washington these days. We hope the Democrats will at least abide by federal anti-lynch laws.

Message to Suharto

ON DECEMBER 7, 1975, just hours after President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger ended a visit to Djakarta, Indonesian troops invaded East Timor, a small independent country—formerly a Portuguese colony—out at the tip of the Malay archipelago. Ten years later, the Indonesians are still there, their occupation one of the grislier stories of human-rights violations, mass starvation, and wholesale slaughter. It is worthy of comparison with Pol Pot's bloody reign over Cambodia, not only for the devastation inflicted, but also for the lack of attention, in the world community, paid to the holocausts.

At least sixty thousand and perhaps as many as 200,000 East Timorese—out of a total population of only 650,000—have been killed since the Indonesian invasion. The figures are sketchy because of the rigid control the Indonesians exercise over the press. The Indonesians have launched a campaign to reduce the East Timorese population yet further by dispensing birth-control pills as "vitamins" to unsuspecting women and by practicing forced sterilization of both men and women. Many victims of forced sterilization had been visiting government health facilities for sick-calls, and now others, needing medical attention but fearing sterilization, are scared away. The Moslem Indonesians have been systematically harassing the Catholic

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Church, to which a majority of the East Timorese belong. Government troops have closed down the church's radio station and severely restricted its ability to communicate. International access to East Timor is almost shut off. The Red Cross is restricted to Dili, the capital city.

Indonesia's bloody occupation of East Timor has registered little outrage in the world forum. When President Reagan, en route to Japan this May, stops in Djakarta to meet with President Suharto, he will be the first American President to visit Indonesia since the East Timor occupation. He should press for three things. First, international access, so that groups like the Red Cross and Amnesty International can do their work. Second, freedom for the church. Third, an Indonesian withdrawal, perhaps coinciding with a temporary return of the Portuguese to facilitate the transition. And then self-determination for what's left of the East Timorese people.

The Shanty Wars Are about Much More

THE DISCIPLINARY action against ten conservative students at Dartmouth has pursued a tortuous and revealing course to an ambiguous conclusion.

Charged with attempting to dismantle anti-apartheid shanties, the students went before a college disciplinary committee, which handed down draconian sentences. Three were suspended indefinitely (in effect, expelled); the rest received shorter suspensions. The hearings were so grossly unfair and so vulnerable to challenge in the courts that the president of the college called for a retrial before a reconstituted committee. After a total of forty hours of hearings, the punishments were reduced; the suspensions now ranged from three terms to one term.

Even so, because leftist students (who built the unauthorized shanties, occupied the president's office, and were arrested for physically blocking authorized removal of the shanties) received no college punishment, all hell broke loose. Former Treasury Secretary William Simon, New Hampshire Governor John Sununu, and Senator Gordon Humphrey all publicly denounced the left-skewed double standard exhibited at Dartmouth. Alumni, livid, prepared to vote in a trustee election next month in which petition candidates are challenging the establishment incumbents.

In the midst of all this, Dartmouth's President David McLaughlin made a strange move, calling upon former New Hampshire Governor Walter Petersen, a Dartmouth alumnus and now president of Franklin Pierce College, to hear the appeal of the ten students. Petersen further reduced the sentences: the one-term suspensions vacated, the others reduced to one term.

Despite the reduced suspensions, what the entire process dramatized was the gross double standard at work, i.e., the substantial degree to which the political Left can call the tune at Dartmouth. The fight is only beginning.

Following the Petersen verdict, some 25 anti-apartheid students occupied the tower and roof of the college library, forcing it to close, and others spray-painted college buildings with anti-apartheid slogans. College officials talked gingerly of "temporary suspensions," etc.

The shanty movement, as it has emerged across the country, has to do with much more than apartheid. Immediately, it has to do with power within the academic institutions, that is, just who runs them. More widely, as a number of student spokesmen have said publicly, it concerns imperialism, racism, sexism, you name it. The leadership is consciously revolutionary.

Meanwhile, at Yale and Berkeley, administrators intent on institutional self-preservation have dismantled shanties and caused resisting protestors to be charged and jailed.

Master of the Masters

ON SATURDAY and Sunday the gusts at Augusta National relented and the flags hardly fluttered. The young lions with the young nerves had their opportunities before them. Greg Norman pulled as badly at the tenth hole as he pushed at the 18th. Severiano Ballesteros, having made two eagles the last day, ingloriously dumped the ball into the pond at the 15th. Tom Kite couldn't sink the putts his play had made so makeable at the 14th and 18th holes.

That wasn't the half of it. The density and depth of competition at the fiftieth Masters Tournament flustered CBS Sports. Its telecast was rendered chaotic by blitzes of action and reaction too complicated to be coherently rendered. Above all, the commentator sputtered—no wonder—as the true narrative line unfolded. Almost unbelievably, over the last ten holes, Jack Nicklaus made nearly everything he looked at except a bitchy little putt at the dreaded 12th hole.

It's just as well he missed it, or the day might have been completely incredible. The old story is new be-

Casting Call

Of Goetz's targets, one bears scars;
Another two are facing bars,
While number four must still report
To functionaries of the court.
It's obvious Clint Eastwood should
Play Bernie when he's cleared for good.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Maybe They've Got Cataracts

The satellite photos are telling;
The choppers keep cruising around.
The cadres are heavily Cuban,
And tanks are deployed on the ground.
Except to the Left and the loony,
Ortega and all of his ilk,
Including the Moscow connection,
Are clear as the trout in the milk.

W. H. VON DREELE

cause somehow Jack Nicklaus is. The Golden Bear aroused the galleries to passion with mighty drives and accurate irons and putts that had eyes. So what else is new? What's new is that this is *1986*. It's not 1959, when Nicklaus won his first major tournament, the U.S. Amateur, years before his caddy at Augusta, his son Jack Jr., was born. Nor is it 1962, when he won his third major tournament, the U.S. Open, his first as a professional; when some in the crowd at Oakmont yelled at him, "Miss it, Jack!" Back when he was the beefy kid who went around embarrassing Arnold Palmer.

After his historic major victories at St. Andrews (twice) and Muirfield in the British Open, his five wins in the PGA, his four U.S. Opens and two Amateurs and five previous Masters wins are all totted up, the number comes to a nice even twenty—not counting some 69 other victories here and abroad. It's a record as unlikely to be broken as any other in sports.

Except one: the Grand Slam pulled off by Robert Tyre Jones Jr. in 1930. Master of all he surveyed, Jones retired as an amateur with 13 major victories at the age of 28, and then established the Masters as a celebration of golf, professional and amateur alike. Years later, the young Jack Nicklaus, intensely aware of Jones the man and the sportsman, made the decision to turn pro in a different environment. Nicklaus accepted the mantle of commercial celebrity, the call of big bucks, the mobility of the jet age, the power of the media, the dynamic opportunities of advanced technology and capitalism. He is an executive intelligence and a millionaire many times over who regularly hawks cordless phones and credit cards and building materials on the tube.

Yet as a gentleman, a sportsman, and even as an *amateur*—in the best sense of those words—Nicklaus requires comparison with Bobby Jones. In conscious emulation of Jones, Nicklaus personally laid out a great course and founded a tournament to be played on it—the Memorial. Also like Jones—and like Hogan—Nicklaus radiates *mental* force. His awesome powers of concentration were all on display at Augusta on Sunday. His analytical glare is like the abstracted stare of a thoughtful diamond-cutter who ponders a particularly delicate challenge. Nicklaus, famed for brawn, demonstrated on the back nine the triumph of mind over matter—a conquest of will, a festival of spirit and brain. All about him, the nerves of much younger contestants jangled and twitched.

At the age of 46, Jack Nicklaus brought tears to the eyes of thousands—including himself—who know that the severest competitions, the keenest ordeals, are undertaken finally not for material reward but for that immortal renown we call glory. —J. O. TATE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

Re: NATIONAL REVIEW at Harvard.

I know for a fact that Lamont Library subscribed to NATIONAL REVIEW until at least the beginning of 1965, because I read it there. You always infuriated me (I'm not sure *why* I read it), and I have a clear memory of rushing to Lamont to see the first post-election issue in 1964, thinking that even you would be forced to acknowledge repudiation. I think I even had a notion that you might recant, or something. You didn't, and I probably quit reading *NR* after that. Maybe I had been the only reader, leading Lamont to cancel its subscription.

Best regards,
Charles [Murray]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Charles: That's okay. I'm just glad it had the delayed effect on you it clearly did. Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As I admitted in my last letter ("Notes & Asides," Jan. 21, 1983), Us Marnies aren't the greatest spellers, but since people are always "telling it to us" we do take a keen interest in polemics. Mr. Steven Goldberg's labeling your line of reasoning "runaway gun" in the February 14 issue is welcome, if not fitting. It's welcome because "runaway gun" has long been cheated of its due. My conjecture is that the injustice began with a career civilian in the Carter White House or a journalist of that period hearing the term used by someone personally acquainted with runaway guns, i.e., a veteran. The hearer, having once read a Hornblower novel, was stirred by the image, which he or she mistakenly assumed was that of a naval gun, broken loose from its tackle, wreaking havoc on a pitching eighteenth-century deck. We have heard "loose cannon" used endlessly ever since to describe people or ideas thought to be randomly dangerous.

The runaway gun is equally exciting, especially

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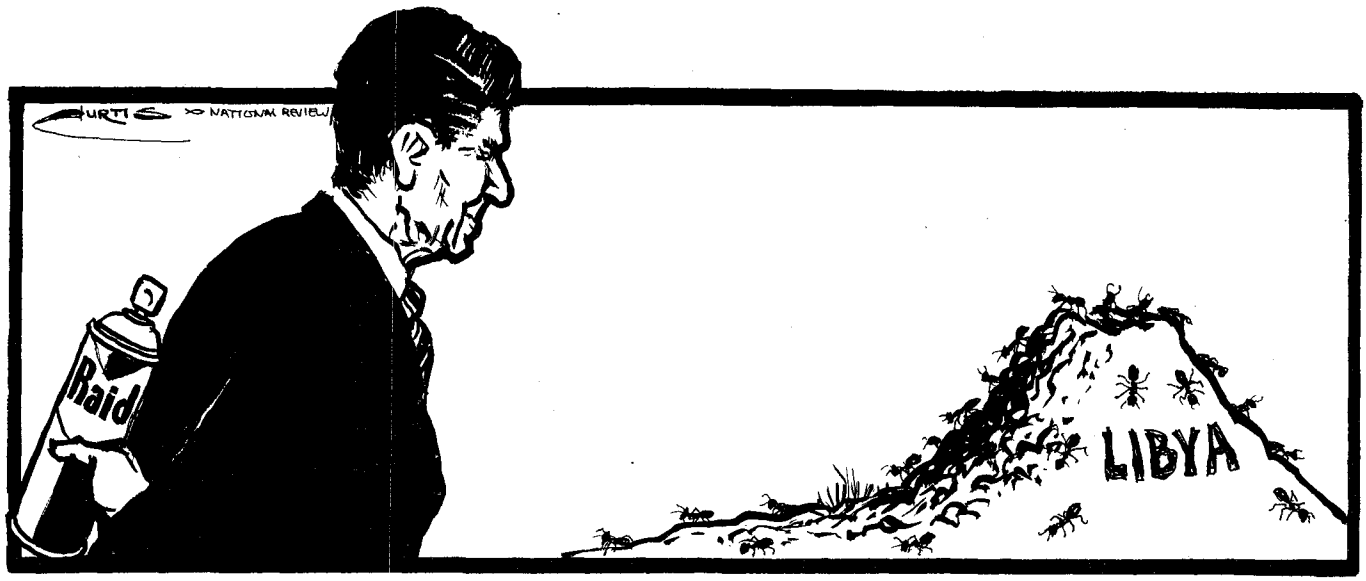

when mounted on an aircraft operating near friendly troops. Page 484 of the 1967 *Guidebook for Marnies* says this about runaways of the M-60 machine gun:

> C. Runaway Gun. A runaway gun may be caused by a worn sear, worn sear notch on the operating rod, short recoil, or oil on the buffer. The gun fires even though the trigger is released.
>
> 1. To stop a runaway gun:
>
> A. Unlatch and raise the feed cover. OR;
>
> B. Twist the belt.

A runaway gun is considered to be only slightly less dangerous than a second lieutenant with a map and compass. Mr. Goldberg has now put the saddle on the right horse, giving runaway guns everywhere their deserved place in enlightened discourse. Thanks for printing his letter.

Sincerely,
R. K. Templeton Jr.
Bethel, Conn.

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Van [Galbraith]

Did you see the classified ad in the *Paris Tribune* for February 27? Here it is . . .

"PROF. JOHN K. GALBRAITH, March 2, American Legion, 49 rue P. Charron, Paris 8th, 6:30 P.M., 'How to Get the Poor off Our Conscience: From Bentham to Reagan,' F95 with drinks. Details: Ferrier 46 20 46 42."

Dear Van: I can understand drinks coming with a lecture by JKG. What did they serve *after* his speech, coke? Cordially,
Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Each time my wife has a child, I read one of your books. Let me explain.

When you visited Shreveport in the fall of 1983 for a speech sponsored by LSU, you were thoughtful enough to give my wife, Martha, an autographed copy of *Overdrive* (she, then a bookstore manager, had left several for you to sign).

In January 1984, while Martha was in labor with our first child, I read your book and thoroughly enjoyed it. Later, we both read several of the Blackford Oakes novels, and enjoyed them, too (they must be fun to write).

When my wife went into the hospital last week for the birth of our second child (both girls), I, out of habit, picked up *Saving the Queen* and am just finishing it.

We never had the chance to thank you for your original gift. We thought you might be interested in the results.

Best regards,
Neil Erwin
Shreveport, La.

P.S.: Purely, and sincerely, coincidentally, we have named our new daughter Caroline.

Do you plan many more novels? It is obvious that you are the author of our family plans.

Dear Mr. Erwin: That is wonderful news! As I reflect on it, it is quite amazing what those novels do to people. They even create them! . . . Novel number seven is just out. Let me know if you want number eight, in which case I'll write it in 1987. Cordially,
WFB

☐ WFB—

Quick question. Why is Qaddafi (Quadaffi, Kadafy, etc.), the megalomaniac Svengali, only a colonel?

Lee Wasserman
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Mr. Wasserman: Because Colonel Qaddafi shot all the generals. Cordially,
—WFB

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ALL'S SEMI-OK IN THE ROK

With oil prices collapsing, the citizens of the Republic of Korea (ROK)—totally dependent on foreign oil to run their highly successful industrial machine—ought to be rejoicing. South Koreans generated a per-capita income of more than $2,000 last year (compared to $600 in the Philippines) and product quality that has even the Japanese worried. Instead, domestic unrest throbs in the southern half of the Korean peninsula. Members of the New Korea Democratic Party (NKDP), a coalition led by Kim Dae Jung and Kim Young Sam, are trying to collect ten million signatures in a petition drive to reform the ROK's constitution (adopted October 1980) so that South Koreans may elect their president directly instead of through an electoral college. If electoral procedures were so changed, President Chun Doo Hwan would probably fall from power. Understandably, Chun is opposed to immediate constitutional reform, offering instead the promise of reforms after he leaves office in early 1988.

But that's not good enough for NKDP supporters. Policymakers within the Administration, on the Hill, and at Washington think-tanks are watching the situation closely. "Things are tense but fluid," contends a ranking State Department source who wishes to be unnamed. "The ROK's refusal to budge on the constitutional-reform issue concerns us, but there's no impending crisis in South Korea—military or political or economic—nor is any likely to occur."

Last month, Secretary Weinberger visited South Korea for a routine annual security conference. "The forty thousand U.S. troops on the peninsula are essential for the preservation of freedom and peace," Weinberger said, adding that the U.S. would keep its troops there "as long as the people of South Korea want and need that presence." The Defense Secretary also met briefly with President Chun, at which meeting Weinberger "only expressed support for keeping U.S. troops in Korea," Deputy Defense Secretary Fred Iklé told me, the operative word being "only," making it quite clear that the Administration is sitting out the political fracas.

"Free and fair elections are what we endorse," says a State insider, one of the many who expect that Chun will strike a deal with the opposition. Chun knows that any sign of unrest in South Korea might provoke an attack across the 38th Parallel by North Korean troops. (The Soviets have supplied North Korea with 26 MiG-23 aircraft and SCUD-B ground-to-ground missiles in addition to the 85 500-MD Hughes helicopters that were smuggled into North Korea from the United States between 1982 and 1983, according to sources here.) With the 1986 Asian Games and the 1988 Summer Olympics both to be staged in Seoul, the South Korean government must, at the very least, wear a democratic face for the outside world.

Various members of Congress are monitoring events closely, and not all of them apolitically. "The seeds for widespread instability have been sown," asserts Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.), chairman of the House Asian and Political Affairs Committee, a regular visitor to South Korea, and pioneer Hill critic of Ferdinand Marcos. Another who has voiced concern is Dante Fascell (D., Fla.), chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, who pronounced the crackdown on protestors "the latest in a series of repressive moves by the Korean government against its own people." Congressmen Edward Feighan (D., Ohio) and Julian Dixon (D., Calif.) have shaped a resolution that calls on the government of South Korea to restore the political rights of opposition figures and conduct a genuinely democratic election in 1988.

Not all congressmen agree with this thrust. Another regular visitor to South Korea, Jim Courter (R., N.J.), believes that the United States should continue to "aid the impressive progress already achieved in the ROK." South Korea "is a young democracy," Courter says, "and the U.S. should assist its friend, not criticize its shortcomings."

Chun will probably yield some ground, but he won't give away the present electoral-college process. If any group could persuade Chun to accept full constitutional reform, it would be the business class, the base of Chun's power. That is not likely to happen, however, because South Koreans—especially the upper and middle classes—like the status quo. Their incomes are high and getting higher.

A few Washington observers see parallels between South Korea and the Philippines, both strategically located, both friends of the U.S., and both with authoritarian governments. Even apart from the fact that Chun still enjoys the confidence of the Reagan Administration, the contrasting economies of the two nations make the parallel hard to establish. "Marcos's policies suffocated the Philippine economy," says Courter, "and so encouraged subversion, whereas South Koreans are roaring ahead with economic growth."

"The common history and cultural homogeneity of South Koreans make them intent on resolving this conflict," says Daryl Plunk, a policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation. "The South Koreans are one big family," he adds, one that is further unified, presumably, by the continuing threat above the 38th Parallel. So, despite some Washington alarmists, don't expect a People's Revolution to break out in Seoul this summer. Rather, look for some slight slackening of the reins on Chun's part, and an inching forward toward more democratization. □

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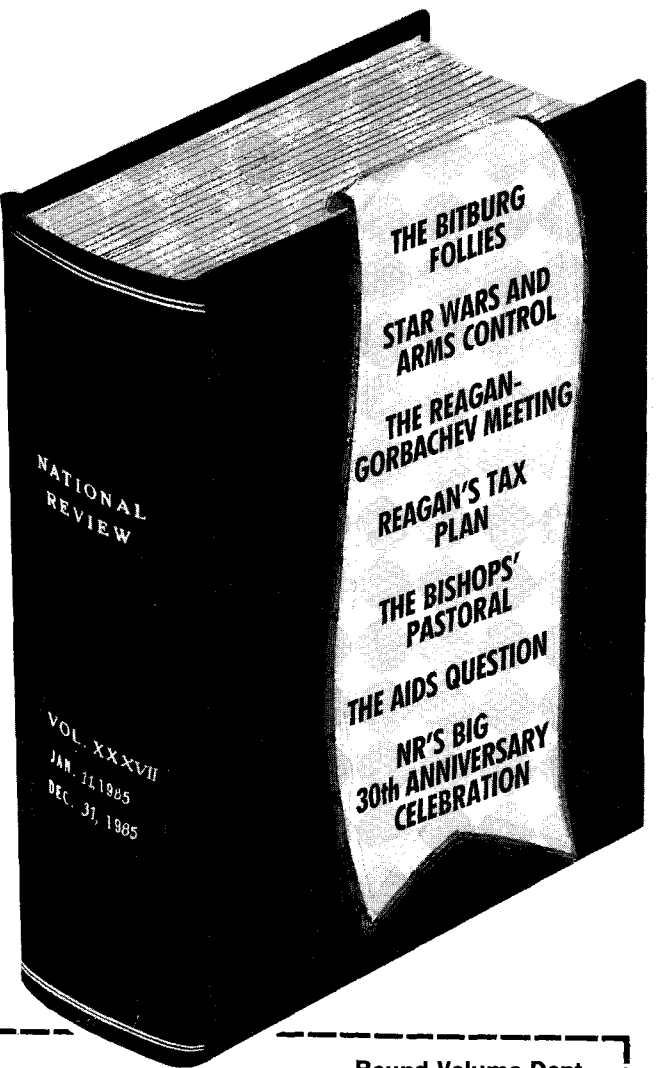

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OF LEADERSHIP

THE LAME-DUCK notion is taking a beating these days. In foreign policy, President Reagan is displaying leadership of a high order. Nobody expects him to run again. But wouldn't it be something if he did? (After all, the venerable Deng Xiaoping has just begun to talk about retiring *next year*, when he will be 82.) Only the small matter of repealing the Twenty-Second Amendment stands in Reagan's way.

In contrast, President Aquino dithers. Let me add straightaway that she is a novice in the art of high politics, in comparison with Reagan or Deng. What bothers me most about her is that she has given little sign, so far, of understanding the main problem she faces. She appeals to the Communists to lay down their arms, on the grounds that she and they were fighting the same enemy in the corruption and arbitrary rule of the Marcos team. So, the argument runs, let's join forces to build a happier republic.

Thus, against the advice of the military, she frees jailed Communist leaders (much as, in a different context, Jimmy Carter scrapped the B-1 bomber to show the Soviets what a nice, peaceful guy he was). She should perhaps reread the history of an earlier generation of Communist leaders in the Philippines —the story of Luis Taruc and his Hukbalahap movement. In mid-1950, Taruc and the Huks controlled the rice bowls and even the provincial capitals on Luzon. In 1953 their power was broken, and in 1954 Taruc surrendered. This great success story was the work of the charismatic President Magsaysay and his astute American advisor, Colonel (later General) Lansdale. He called his program "All-Out Force and All-Out Friendship." He set up a rural rehabilitation plan for Huks who surrendered, and those not guilty of specific crimes got money and a plot of land.

Of course the situation has changed. The remnants of Taruc's PKP—down to a few hundred, with an aged leadership—now constitute a minor outlying instrument of Moscow's world apparatus, good only for "peace" resolutions. The "Maoist" CCP (Marxist-Leninist), with its ruthless New People's Army, is quite another matter. But the underlying problem of an absolutist ideological challenge is unchanged.

Which brings me back to President Reagan and his current problems with Congress. In an impressive article in the *Wall Street Journal* on March 25, Gordon Crovitz pointed out that, under the Constitution, the President has a free hand in foreign affairs and doesn't need congressional approval to give money to the Contras or other groups of his own choosing. He drew attention to the view of the State Department's legal advisor, Mr. Abraham Sofaer, that the micro-managing of foreign policy by Congress is unconstitutional.

As a mere Britisher, normally aghast at the feebleness of Western foreign policies, it does occur to me that the U.S. President has a greater claim to decide whether the Contras are to get financial and military aid than, say, Representatives Sherwood Boehlert (N.Y.), Silvio Conte (Mass.), or Bill Frenzel (Minn.), to name but three of the 16 Republicans who teamed up with the Democrats to defeat the President's aid proposal. Perhaps, by the time these lines appear, the President will have acted to frustrate the unconstitutional accretion of congressional power acquired in the shameful wake of Vietnam and Watergate.

A recent special issue of *Foreign Affairs* called "America and the World 1985" contains an article by Michael Mandelbaum of the Lehrman Institute that deserves the attention of *NR* readers. The article is titled "The Luck of the President," but I was happy to note that Mr. Mandelbaum does not attribute all the President's successes to luck. In particular, he has this to say:

> The American President must arouse popular enthusiasm for his program in order to get his way. This requires not mastery of legislative detail but the capacity to make broad themes compelling to a mass audience. . . . At this Mr. Reagan is adept.

It is the old business of the forest and the trees. Ronald Reagan knows the difference; Jimmy Carter did not. Knowing the difference is the essence of leadership.

CHARLES DE GAULLE saw the matter in more mystical terms. In a dazzling lecture delivered to the Ecole de Guerre in 1927 and later incorporated into his book *Le Fil de l'Epée* ("The Edge of the Sword"), de Gaulle spoke of "the aura of authority" that future leaders have almost from birth, and of mystery as the essential element of prestige. The leader has to keep in reserve "some surprising secret that may emerge at any time." He added: "The latent confidence of the masses does the rest."

The Gaullian concept is not incompatible with Reagan's practice of leadership. Was not the Strategic Defense Initiative a "surprising secret"? And is not "the latent confidence of the masses" another way of saying "the capacity to make broad themes compelling to a mass audience"?

Speaking of Gaullism, it is fascinating for a biographer of that extraordinary man to observe with what Florentine mastery his old opponent François Mitterrand is using the constitution of the Fifth Republic, which he scathingly denounced when de Gaulle was in power, to stay in the Elysée after the "masses" rejected his own party. No mistake, Mitterrand is a leader and, if for nothing else, will go down in history as the man who broke the back of the French Communist Party, against the prognostications of the pundits, this one included. □

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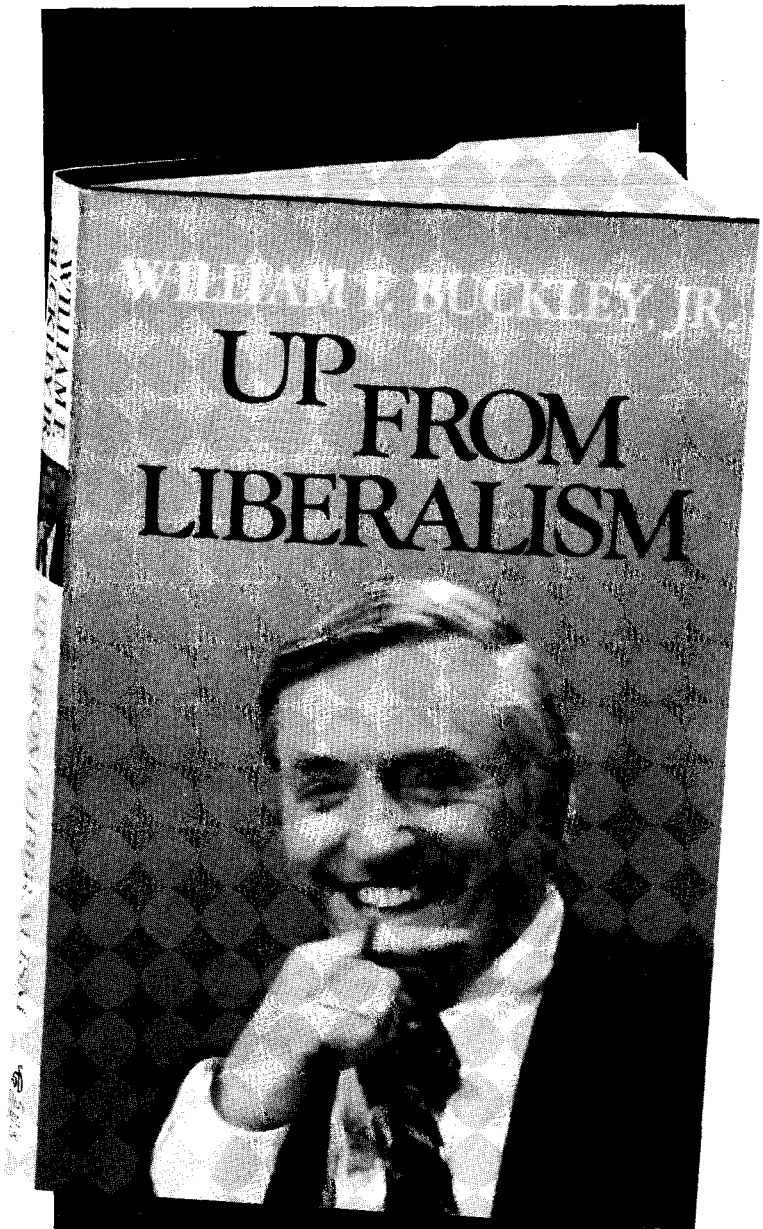

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THE AFRICAN BEAT CAN WE TRUST SAVIMBI?

PETER WORTHINGTON

JONAS SAVIMBI'S February visit to Washington in pursuit of aid for his UNITA guerrillas, whose goal is the overthrow of the Soviet/Cuban-backed Communist government of Angola, provoked a pair of unexpected developments. The first was a vociferous left-liberal attack on Savimbi himself. This was a surprise because in recent months it had seemed as if even liberal opinion on the Hill and in the media had been shifting toward approval in principle of what has come to be called, somewhat pompously, the Reagan Doctrine: that the U.S. should, to the greatest extent possible without risking direct involvement, aid indigenous anti-Communist freedom-fighters. Thus Congress has been more aggressive than the Administration in advocating aid for Afghanistan's Mujahedin and for anti-Communist forces in Cambodia. And as regards Angola itself, last July Congress repealed the Clark Amendment, which had forbidden aid to UNITA. It seemed that, however much dispute there might be over the details, the question of the moral propriety of helping anti-Communist forces in those three countries had been settled.

Then came the ferocious attack on Savimbi, essentially on moral grounds. On *60 Minutes*, Mike Wallace described Savimbi, who has lately become something of a hero to American anti-Communists, as a man whose "training and inspiration came from Communist China . . . a former Marxist." Wallace interviewed former CIA agent and current CIA critic John Stockwell, who called Savimbi a man "who struck a deal with the devil [South Africa] . . . a cowboy kind of . . . charismatic megalomaniac." Democratic Senator William Proxmire charged that Savimbi would "exchange one Marxist revolution for another." Foreign-affairs writer Gwynne Dyer claimed: "Savimbi will dance to any ideological tune to get the foreign support he needs, but he really doesn't want to eradicate Marxism from Angola." Tom Wicker called him a "freebooter . . . a raffish character who got his political training from Maoists." Anthony Lewis charged that Savimbi had used terrorist methods, had embraced Marxism, and was "a charismatic politician whose interest is in power and is not choosy about who or what helps him." Mary McGrory reiterated the opportunist charge and attributed Savimbi's current political views to his "media chaperones who have taught him to profess a mania for democracy." Even in the *Wall Street Journal*, Williamson M. Evers claimed that Savimbi's goal for Angola was a one-party state. Evers quoted John Marcum of the University of California, whom he described as the nation's leading Angola expert, as saying that Savimbi has "an extraordinary talent for telling people what they want to hear." The Congressional Black Caucus also found Savimbi unprincipled, describing him, according to the *Washington Post*, as a " 'surrogate for South Africa' hostile to the interests of blacks."

This consistency of tone was the second surprise. Almost unanimously, liberal spokesmen criticized Savimbi not only for not being a real democrat, but for being too left-wing, a closet Marxist, or at least unprincipled enough to put on the cloak of Marxism whenever it might be convenient. Meanwhile, a number of American conservatives, mostly Washington political activists, had been promoting Savimbi as a sort of African George Washington, with a dose of Adam Smith into the bargain. It was unsettling, then, to hear the claim that in supporting Savimbi anti-Communists might merely be helping establish another Marxist regime. It was a charge calculated to scare moderate and conservative legislators away from Savimbi.

Savimbi's trip did earn him some covert aid. About $15 million, according to press reports, including some Stinger anti-helicopter missiles, desperately needed to stop the Soviet MI-24 Hind armored helicopters that have shown up in Angola. But Savimbi faces approximately 35,000 Cuban troops, in addition to the forces of the MPLA government and an unknown number of Soviet advisors, and the Soviets have sent some $2 billion in military aid to Angola over the past several years. If Savimbi is to prevail, or even to remain in the field until the Cubans can be persuaded to go

Mr. Worthington is co-founder and former editor-in-chief of the Toronto Sun, *a veteran foreign correspondent, and currently a columnist for the* Financial Post *of Canada and editor of* Influence *magazine.*

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home, he will need many times the $15 million he has gotten. The vital question, then, is whether we trust Savimbi enough to justify such an effort. There are, it seems to me, three important points to examine: his personal and political history; what he claims to believe; and how his actions support or contradict those claims.

I spent a month with UNITA last summer, ten days of it with Savimbi, traveling the front with him, seeing first hand how he runs his show. I was skeptical from the start, having met other African messiahs ranging from the Congo's Patrice Lumumba to the Biafran leader Colonel Ojukwu. When I was covering the Nigerian civil war (1967-70), Colonel Ojukwu was the Savimbi of his day. I was especially appalled by Ojukwu. In a starving land he was well fed and wore shoes so new that the soles were still unscuffed; he alone had cigarettes—State Express 333, flown in; his aides scolded you for putting your hands in your pockets in his presence, or forgetting to address him as "excellency." Ojukwu sent unarmed children into battle, their only weapons what they could pick up from those who fell.

Whatever else Savimbi is, he is no Ojukwu. I found him approachable, quite willing to answer questions, and relatively frank and consistent in the story of his life. His father was an Angolan nationalist and a stationmaster on the Benguela railway, which bisects Angola. He convinced his son that if he wanted to serve his people, he would have to get an education. Savimbi went to school in Portugal, and eventually received a PhD in political and juridical sciences from Lausanne University in Switzerland.

When he returned to Angola, he says, he at first joined the FNLA, run by the anti-colonialist leader Holden Roberto, but he quickly became disillusioned. "This was around 1964 and the FNLA wasn't doing much," recalled Savimbi. "Besides, Roberto lived in the Congo [Zaire], and you cannot lead a revolution from outside—you have to be with the people you lead."

He was uneasy about the MPLA, at that time the other leading anti-colonialist force, and in Egypt he asked Nasser for advice about forming a new party. Nasser told him the Soviets were always willing to provide money and training to anti-colonial movements, so why not approach them?

Savimbi did, and was taken on a tour of the USSR and Eastern Europe, meeting people who would perhaps help. "But I was disappointed," he says. "The Russians even offered to make me deputy leader of MPLA. But they weren't interested in helping Angola achieve independence for its sake—they wanted a servant to obey their orders. I was not interested in that. I had no intention of replacing Portuguese colonialism with a Soviet version."

Superpower Shopping

Moscow's control of the MPLA made it impossible for him to join it. He told Nasser of his disappointment. "Then try the Chinese—you may like them better; they both give money," said Nasser. One gets the impression that it was as casual as that—not an ideological question, just a superpower ripe for plucking.

Savimbi spent nine months or so in China and, along with 11 supporters who came with him, attended the military academy at Nanking, undergoing guerrilla and revolutionary training. The Chinese advanced him $30,000 to start UNITA. This was in the mid-Sixties.

"The Chinese were quite different from the Russians," recalled Savimbi. "Their attitude was: 'Here is what worked for us . . . we'll show you, and you take what's useful for you.' They left decisions to me." They never tried to dictate to him or manipulate him, and to this day he's grateful to the Chinese, even though Peking officially recognizes Luanda. "However, I think they'd prefer me," he adds a trifle wistfully.

Savimbi's Chinese connection—as well as his South African connection—is critical to the main charges against him: that he is either a Marxist or, if not, then an unprincipled opportunist. His answer to the Maoist charge came most succinctly in an article under his signature in the Winter 1986 *Policy Review*: "From Mao I learned how to fight and win a guerrilla war. I also learned how not to run a country." That, however, does not answer the charge of insincerity and opportunism; what better place to denounce Maoism than a conservative review if one is seeking the support of American conservatives? A more telling answer perhaps is that, despite the critics' claims, one does not find in Savimbi's career a pattern of deceit or insincerity. On the contrary, Savimbi has never hidden the fact that he sought help from both the Soviets and the Chinese, and he readily admits that he accepts help from South Africa. If, in the early 1960s, he believed the Soviets might help liberate Africa, then so did many other African leaders at the time. Savimbi is not only an articulate and charismatic man, he is an intelligent one as well. It seems at least as reasonable to give him credit for learning from experience as to denounce him for opportunism.

Tom Christopher

In our discussions I went after him repeatedly on the subject of South Africa. Again he does not say the things one would expect from a man who lies easily. He always points out that the accident of geography dictates who can help UNITA. "If we were next door to Libya, I'd accept help from them. But we're next to South Africa, and we share a common interest in getting the Cubans out of Angola. Cubans are surrogate troops for Soviet imperialism—mercenaries, in fact." He compares the de facto cooperation of South Africa and UNITA against the Soviets and Cubans in Angola with the U.S. and USSR cooperating in World War II against Hitler, a common foe. In neither case does cooperation imply approval of the other country or of its system of government or method of rule.

So much is obvious. It would be absurdly puritanical to expect Savimbi to turn down assistance from South Africa. It is to his credit that he is so frank on the point and so apparently comfortable with his position. Even more encouraging, however, are the comments he makes on South African affairs. There is, of course, no question of Savimbi, a lifelong anti-colonialist, supporting apartheid. But he refuses to

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pander to American self-righteousness on the subject. He supports "evolutionary change in South Africa, not revolution. Only the enemies of black people and the Russians want revolution and bloodshed." A more audience-conscious man would have spoken less sensibly. Nor does he seem that eager to pander to the American Right: He made sure I understood his goal was to help not America, or the Western alliance, but Angola.

As to what Savimbi believes, or claims to believe, politically, there is no question that he was at one time heavily dependent on the rhetoric of socialism. So, at one time, was François Mitterrand. People learn.

In Angola the most convincing evidence I saw of what he really believes now was the political-education classes given for UNITA soldiers. The lecturers stressed the importance of democracy and a multi-party system, individual rights, and even economic freedom. Grover Norquist, the Washington-based free-market economist who drafted the Jamba Accord, a statement of principles signed by freedom-fighters from Angola, Afghanistan, Laos, and Nicaragua in June 1985, has lectured on economics and on American political philosophy at the university in UNITA's Angola and to the classes for the troops. He comments that "in speaking to UNITA's troops and students I was surprised at their knowledge of the American Revolution and its animating principles, and conversely at their understanding of the failure of socialism not only in East-bloc nations but in their fellow African nations."

Savimbi himself consistently argues for a pluralistic political structure for Angola, with representation from all segments of society and all schools of thought. He doesn't talk so much of "victory" as of "reconciliation," "participation," and "representation." He stresses the right to private property, freedom of movement, and self-reliance. He may not always have stressed these things, but he does now.

Savimbi's book, *The Angolan Road to National Recovery*, spells out his goals for the country and pretty well paints him into an ideological corner. The book has been published in several languages and, far from being designed for Western consumption, is used as the basis of political instruction of officers and members of UNITA. The book is a clear endorsement not just

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of democracy, but of constitutionalism, the rule of law, tolerance, and property rights. It calls for "decentralization of economic activities to enable a larger participation of private initiative in economic development." Savimbi insists that national "progress can be achieved only by de-emphasizing state ownership and encouraging . . . private ownership" and that "farmers must be the first beneficiaries of the products of their work." Nor does he fall into the demagogue's trap of substituting social and economic benefits for political and civil rights:

> Recognition of fundamental and inalienable human rights, as well as social and economic rights, is fundamental to UNITA's efforts to transform Angola into a truly democratic society based on constitutionally guaranteed civil liberties, law and order. . . . Socioeconomic development must be conceived on the basis of a politically free, democratic society where totalitarianism or dictatorship in any form whatsoever would not be tolerated; a society where laws are fair, enforceable, and respected, where universally recognized basic human rights are upheld, and the pursuit of happiness and prosperity allowed to each and every individual. . . . We cannot collectivize the individual, robbing him of his individuality; he would wither and with him the nation may perish:

Now, it is possible that all this apparent commitment to constitutionalism, the rule of law, and property rights is but a rhetorical smokescreen. But even on the rhetorical level there are a couple of strong points against that theory. The first is that Savimbi has too good a grasp of the details for somebody who is merely trying to please. His work suggests that he understands not only what people in the West have, but why they have it. Moreover, prospective tyrants have no reason to believe that the most internationally profitable and popular rhetoric is that of constitutionalism and property rights. On the contrary, revolutionary leaders trying to manipulate the conscience of the West and to appeal to liberal guilt are better off posing as the leaders of an angry and oppressed proletariat, strongmen who see that ruses such as the rule of law and property rights are the tools of exploitation. If Savimbi were pandering he would surely take a panderer's line; arguing for the intricate architecture of liberty is never a promising route for a demagogue.

The final test, though, is in Savimbi's actions and the behavior of his UNITA soldiers. Neither suggests the sort of disregard for the worth of the individual person that one would expect from a Marxist revolutionary or a "freebooter" who might become a bloodthirsty tyrant.

Clean Record

SEVERAL THINGS impressed me about Savimbi's operation. First, his troops do not requisition or confiscate food from the people. After they captured Cazombo, which I visited, and before they lost it to the Cuban-MPLA forces last fall, UNITA troops had planted nine hundred acres of food and had improvised an effective irrigation system. The troops had strict orders *not* to take food from the people. Instead they traded, bartered with salt, and exchanged clothes made at a factory in Jamba for food products. The local people and the soldiers seemed to be in harmony. Prisoners Savimbi has captured in other parts of the country and foreign missionaries who have been inadvertently caught in ambushes tell of harrowing marches through enemy territory, housed, fed, and protected by the local people, most of whom favor Savimbi.

Savimbi claims to have some seven thousand bush schools set up all over the territory he controls (with little more than one teacher per school), teaching illiterate adult natives, children, and wounded soldiers. UNITA has also established a number of hospitals and clinics, though when I was there UNITA claimed only six trained

(Continued on page 62)

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A TRADE WAR COULD WRECK IT ALL

THE U.S. ECONOMY has been experiencing the strongest and possibly longest expansion on record, with more than eight million new jobs since President Reagan took office. The stock market has nearly doubled any previous record, and interest rates are the lowest in nine years. The Congressional Budget Office just lowered its estimates of budget deficits for 1987-1990 by a total of $411 billion. Yet there is a stubborn sense of despair among those who write about the economy. This American locomotive of world commerce is said to be "uncompetitive," afflicted with some mysterious disorder.

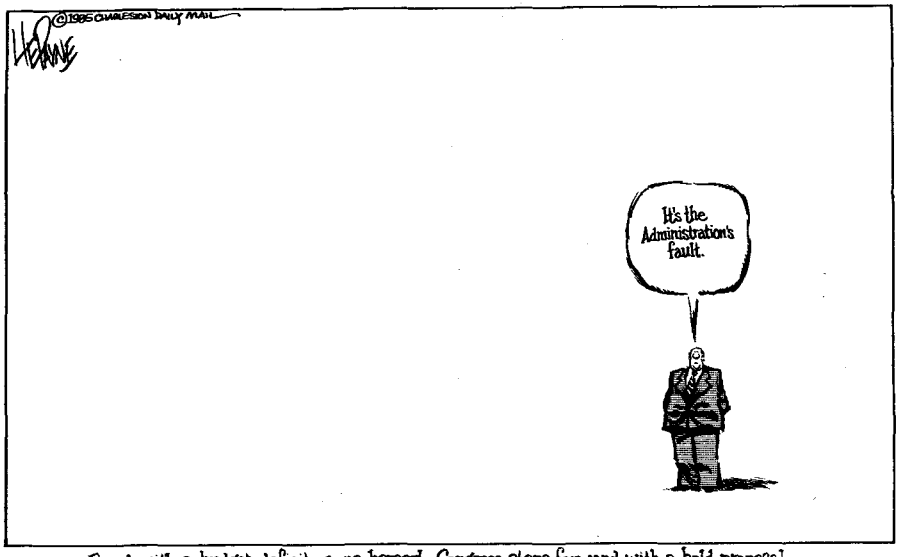
After three years of waiting like vultures for assorted crises that failed to occur, critics of Reaganomics have turned in desperation to the trade deficit. The U.S. is said to have "lost jobs" to foreign competitors, though the U.S. has added far more jobs than all other industrial countries combined. The 23 per cent increase in U.S. industrial production over the past three years compares quite favorably with the 19 per cent increase in Japanese production and the 12 per cent increase in European production.

Why then is it so easy to incite concern about the trade deficit? Partly because appearances deceive. Some of the most powerful U.S. industries—electrical machinery, chemicals, printing—are not as visible as those that produce consumer goods. South Korea's emphasis on consumer goods, by contrast, makes its economy seem gigantic and threatening, though it is really no larger than the economy of Los Angeles. Moreover, we only read news reports about *merchandise* trade, as if traded services (on which we run a surplus) and assets had no value. And we forget that about half of our "merchandise" trade deficit is accounted for by imported oil, natural gas, and electric power, where lower prices are not yet reflected in the trade data. Only 29 per cent of U.S. imports are consumer goods, yet concern about these dominates the economic news.

This phenomenon of a merchandise trade deficit brings us to the first and most important point of confusion. Those who worry about the trade deficit and advocate protection of U.S. products to reduce imports argue, in effect, for less trade. But a foreign exporter who trades goods to U.S. buyers in return for dollars has only two options for how to employ those dollars, both of them beneficial to the United States. He can use those dollars to buy U.S. goods, or he can use them to buy U.S. assets (stocks, bonds, or real estate)—that is, to invest in the United States. (He can also trade the dollars for another currency, but the effect is the same, since whoever ends up with the dollars has the same two options.)

Currently a large number of foreign holders of dollars are taking the option of buying U.S. assets (investing) rather than U.S. goods. In large part this is a tribute to the current strength of the American economy, as well as a warning about the weakness of a number of foreign economies. It is not a defect in U.S. policy that citizens of other countries would rather build factories and hotels in the United States, or buy shares in American corporations, than do the same in their own countries. But in order to get dollars to invest in the U.S., foreigners must sell their wares for dollars. The fact that the U.S. is a desirable place to invest means that the inflow of investments is almost necessarily matched by a merchandise trade deficit. To a very substantial degree, the investment surplus drives the trade deficit, and not vice versa. We are now hearing complaints that, because of all this foreign investment, the U.S. has become a "net debtor." But foreign investment creates jobs (in 1984 alone, direct Japanese investment created eighty thousand jobs here), while being a net creditor a few years back just earned us a lot of bad foreign loans.

Historically, the real volume of U.S. imports *always* rises with economic growth and *only* falls during recessions, which means a trade deficit is often a sign of prosperity. U.S. exports likewise rise with *foreign* prosperity and de-



Faced with a budget deficit gone berserk, Congress steps forward with a bold proposal...

Mr. Reynolds is the chief economist of Polyconomics Inc. and a longtime NR *contributor.*

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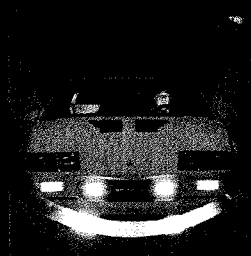

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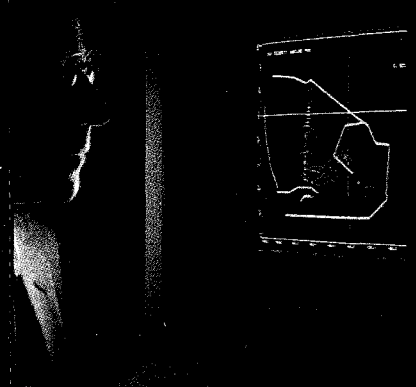

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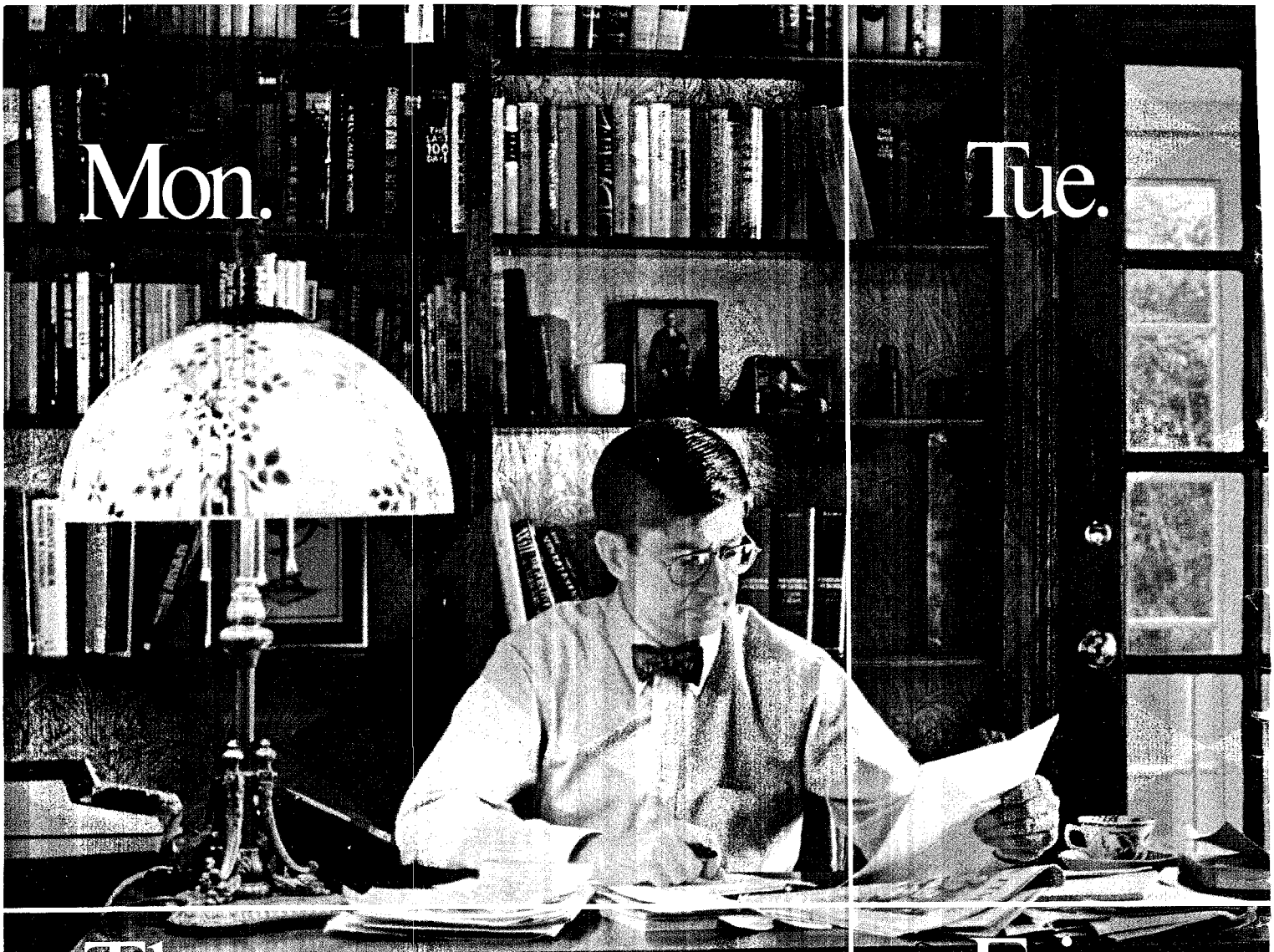

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Newsweek

Why it happened. What it means.

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cline when other economies either cannot afford to buy (Latin America), or do not need U.S. machines and technology because they are not investing much in their own overtaxed economies (Europe). Stuart Tucker of the Overseas Development Council estimates that depression in Third World countries has cost the U.S. nearly 1.4 million jobs in export-related businesses. Restricting Third World imports is not going to help those countries get back on their feet. On the contrary, U.S. imports provide other nations with the dollars to buy our exports, or to pay interest on loans that have already financed, say, the purchase of U.S. grain by Poland or U.S. tractors by Argentina. They have our goods and we have their paper. To restrict their exports is to refuse repayment.

With the threat of increased U.S. protectionism, Asian countries cut back on imports of machines, cotton, and synthetic fibers from the United States

This is the flip side of the problem. Just as the merchandise-deficit/investment-surplus equation indicates the relative strength of the U.S. economy, it indicates the relative weakness of many foreign economies—and their vulnerability to U.S. protectionism. For the United States to turn protectionist against debt-burdened developing countries, such as Brazil or South Korea, would be suicidal. The dollars we spend on Mexican oil, Brazilian shoes, or Korean video recorders come back to the U.S. in interest payments. U.S. import quotas would deny the LDCs (less-developed countries) the means of repaying even the interest owed to the stockholders and depositors of U.S. banks. Loans would become gifts, and the world financial system might well collapse in bank runs and panic. For the U.S. to turn protectionist against solvent but weak economies such as Japan's would have the same effect, as a weaker Japanese economy cut back on purchases from debtor countries, such as Mexico or the Philippines.

Unfortunately, when protectionist fever strikes, the victims tend to be precisely those relatively small trading partners that have little leverage on American policymakers and can be most easily damaged by a trade war. Yet such countries are frequently significant importers of American goods (particularly U.S. farm products). The recent textile-protection bill vetoed by President Reagan was a clear example. Many of the textile exporters that would have been most seriously damaged were LDCs. Many, or most, are voracious importers, even of U.S. goods; many are net importers, if services are counted. Most ironically, most of them are significant importers of U.S. textiles and textile-related products, such as textile machinery and textile fibers. Hence, this bill would have done tremendous damage to the American textile industry, an industry we cannot afford to lose.

In 1984, real *imports* increased by 8 to 20 per cent in South Korea, Singapore, Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Mainland China, placing them among the fastest-growing importers in the world. Indeed, imports in Hong Kong and Singapore were as large as their entire GDP (gross domestic product), and amounted to about half of GDP in Taiwan and South Korea. Hong Kong has run virtually continuous trade deficits for 140 years. South Korea had a long string of trade deficits with the U.S. until the last three years, and still has a trade deficit with the world (it would be happy to buy oil from us if we had any to sell). Japan imports as much in textiles ($6 billion) as it exports. U.S. imports from Communist China, mostly textiles, were up 17 per cent in the first seven months of 1985, according to the U.S. Information Service; but U.S. exports to China, mostly machinery and transportation equipment, were up by 43 per cent. China's trade deficit last year was almost $15 billion, sizable for a poor country.

With the threat of increased U.S. protectionism, businessmen in Asian countries naturally began to cut back on their productive capacity—that is, to cut back on imports of machines, cotton, and synthetic fibers, much of which had previously been bought from the United States. This Asian retrenchment also contributed to declining world prices for many other U.S. products, including farm products and oil. The *Journal of Commerce* reported, last October 25, that Taiwan's capital investment had fallen 5.5 per cent, creating a "fall in imports, particularly of capital equipment." Capital equipment is a major U.S. export. The same source noted, on October 16, that Hong Kong's falling exports had resulted in cutbacks in imports: "Decreases in purchases from the United States were noted in electrical machinery and appliances (down 32 per cent), nonmetallic mineral manufactures (51 per cent), and textile

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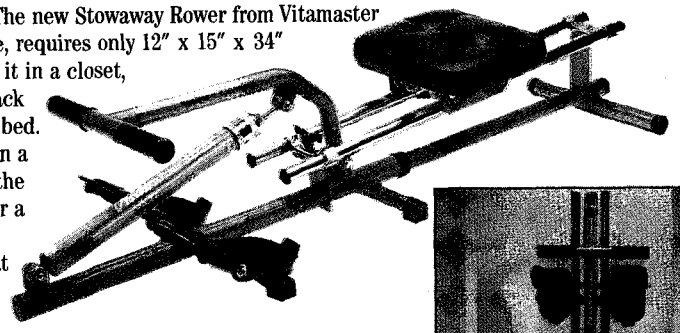

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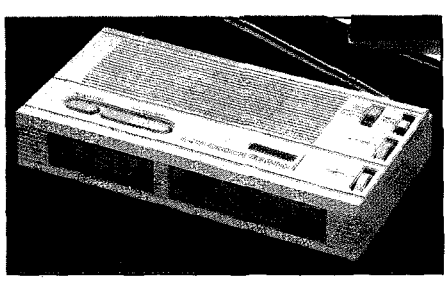

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fibers (66 per cent)." The Hong Kong economy grew by only 0.8 per cent last year, with a 6 per cent drop in exports to the United States and a 10 per cent drop in imports from the United States.

On October 5, the London *Economist* observed that South Korea's exports to the United States had dropped by 26 per cent in the first seven months of last year. South Korea had spent $453 million on U.S. cotton the year before, but will not be needing more if the U.S. won't buy the resulting cloth or shirts.

Despite the veto of the textile bill, the Reagan Administration reportedly proposes to keep textile imports from Asia at their 1985 level for three years, although 1985 was a disastrous year for Asia. It is sadly ironic that the U.S. worries so much about competing with countries whose economies are stagnant or sinking. Aside from Japan and Taiwan, most Asian countries have a trade deficit, if interest payments and other services are included, so they *must* reduce imports if U.S. protectionism restricts their exports.

Economies weakened by actual or expected protection do not need to import as much as before, and could not afford to do so in any case. It is not even a matter of "retaliation," but of the raw necessity to sell before buying. Some Asian countries are already hugely in debt to the International Monetary Fund or to Western investors ($45 billion in loans to South Korea), and those debts must be financed with trade. Nobody will loan more money to finance increased Asian imports from either the U.S. or LDCs in the face of discriminatory restrictions on Asian exports.

These Asian countries process materials purchased from LDCs, so protectionist cutbacks in Asian production could contribute to an international debt crisis. The LDCs would lose important markets in which they now earn dollars that they can pay to the United States. Investments of U.S. citizens in the Asia-Pacific region, which amounted to $75 billion in 1984, would also be jeopardized by a trade war. Zero-sum thinking might imply that the U.S. gains from Asian distress, but that is a dangerously provincial error.

None of this is to deny that American textile producers have very real problems. They do. The prices of American textile products on world markets have fallen sharply in the past few years, too sharply for the industry's continued health. But the price problem is caused not by foreign competition but by American money. Total exports from the U.S. fell 3 per cent last year, but the decline was entirely in price. Volume was actually up, but U.S. export prices fell. After nearly two decades of inflation, a tight-money policy has been sharply deflating international commodity prices. During an inflation, commodity prices, such as those for copper, steel, and petroleum—and also basic textiles—rise more than average prices; during a deflation they fall more. What all these commodities have in common is that their prices are expressed in dollars, so the apparent glut in commodities is equivalent to a shortage of U.S. money. Goods are cheap not because of a glut caused by foreign producers, but because cash has become more valuable. The dollar shortage can be fixed by having the Federal Reserve provide more bank reserves at lower interest rates, but too much fixing is inflationary. So with policymakers hesitant to lower U.S. interest rates, commodity producers push for protection.

The great danger is that protection usually accelerates a deflation. Your corner drugstore has certain roughly fixed costs, such as rent and interest, which it must cover, regardless of the volume of business. If the store's business shrinks—as import- and export-related businesses shrink under protection—its need for ready cash to meet fixed costs may force it to slash prices. The value the store places on cash has gone up, the value it places on goods has gone down. Exporters and importers behave the same way when protection depresses trade. This is the sort of thing that, if severe enough, causes depressions, with everyone liquidating commodities and real estate at distress prices in order to raise cash.

Consumers cannot pay more for everything. Forcing many prices up through quotas or tariffs will force all prices down as world trade implodes

One of the cruelest ironies is that in a protection-induced or -exacerbated deflation, the prices of protected goods often fall further than average prices. Some free-market economists criticize protection for unfairly favoring some sectors of the economy over others. The truth is, protection almost always hurts everyone and often hurts the protected more than most.

Looking at each industry separately, it might seem that depressed world commodity prices—for copper, say, or for cloth—could be increased by keeping out "cheap" imports. That might be true for one or two industries, but cannot be true for them all because consumers cannot afford to pay more for *everything*, especially in a deflationary environment in which consumer incomes are not rising.

If protection makes distressed farmers and miners pay extra for shirts, then they must spend less on other things. Budgets are not unlimited, and artificially high prices reduce disposable income. Gary Hufbauer of Georgetown University estimates that existing protection in textiles and apparel—the equivalent of a 30 per cent tariff—already raises consumer prices by $27 billion. That has to reduce potential sales of other goods. Forcing a few prices up by reducing import supplies and competition thus forces other prices further down. Moreover, protectionism almost always spreads, through logrolling. Last year's vetoed "textile" bill had already grown to include fishing tackle, dolls, artificial flowers, copper, and shoes. This year, congressional Democrats are stressing the "generic" approach—namely, quotas and tariffs on almost everything. Forcing many prices up, through broad import quotas or tariffs, will actually force all prices *down*, as world trade implodes.

From this we can see why protection is often especially damaging to the protected. Protection forces the prices of protected domestic goods *down* through its effects on other countries, particularly the big debtors, whose need for cash

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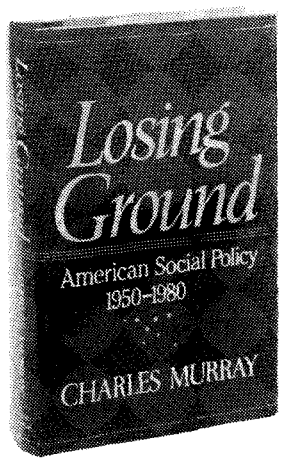
compels them to cut their own imports and dump exports in shrunken markets. Countries that used to produce, say, shirts for the U.S. market suddenly find they have an excess of workers, machines, and inventories, but no excess of dollars to pay their bills. The inevitable result is a global "going-out-of-business sale," which depresses the price of shirts outside the protected U.S. market. Textile machinery is unloaded cheap by bankrupt firms, making it easier for new rivals to permanently undercut U.S. producers who paid full price for their equipment.

Although the U.S. price of shirts would be higher than the world price, owing to quotas or tariffs, it would nonetheless be forced lower than it was before the trade war began. Adding a 20 per cent tariff to the import price doesn't help much if it results in import prices falling by 30 per cent. Foreign and domestic producers would both find they had to cut prices further in smaller world markets, in order to acquire cash to pay their creditors.

Throughout U.S. history, the immediate effect of increased protectionism has always been deflation—falling prices—particularly for the goods intended to be "protected" (which have always included textiles). Wholesale prices fell with the big tariffs of 1816, 1860, 1890, and, of course, 1930. Textile-industry ads ask, "What about 1922?" The answer is that average tariff rates nearly doubled in *1921*, not 1922, rising from 16.4 to 29.5 per cent. Commodity prices fell 58 per cent in 1921, textile prices 74 per cent, though a big increase in the Fed's discount rate was largely to blame. Smoot-Hawley tariffs averaged 46 per cent from 1929 to 1931, and the 39 per cent drop in "protected" textile prices again exceeded the 25 per cent drop in overall commodity prices. The textile industry has always been the main victim of textile protection. Farm products were also "protected" from imports, and we recall what happened to farm prices after 1929. The farmers' former foreign customers could not buy because they could not sell.

U.S. imports always expand rapidly when the U.S. economy is expanding rapidly; U.S. exports likewise grow when the economies of our trading partners are doing well. The only sensible way to help U.S. producers is to encourage exports, mostly by encouraging foreign economic growth. Maintaining the U.S. recovery is one key to foreign growth; exporting American economic policies—urging our trading partners to cut taxes and tariffs and chop away quotas and regulations—is another.

Reducing imports, the protectionist solution for the trade deficit, would require a recession, for only during a recession do imports fall. And indeed, import quotas could produce a recession by raising costs at home and bankrupting debtor countries abroad. But the function of an economy is not merely to balance arbitrary trade figures. When we are contemplating sure-fire policies for creating a global depression, such as protectionism or higher tax rates, there should be a better reason than some abstract journalistic anxiety about a trade or budget "crisis." □



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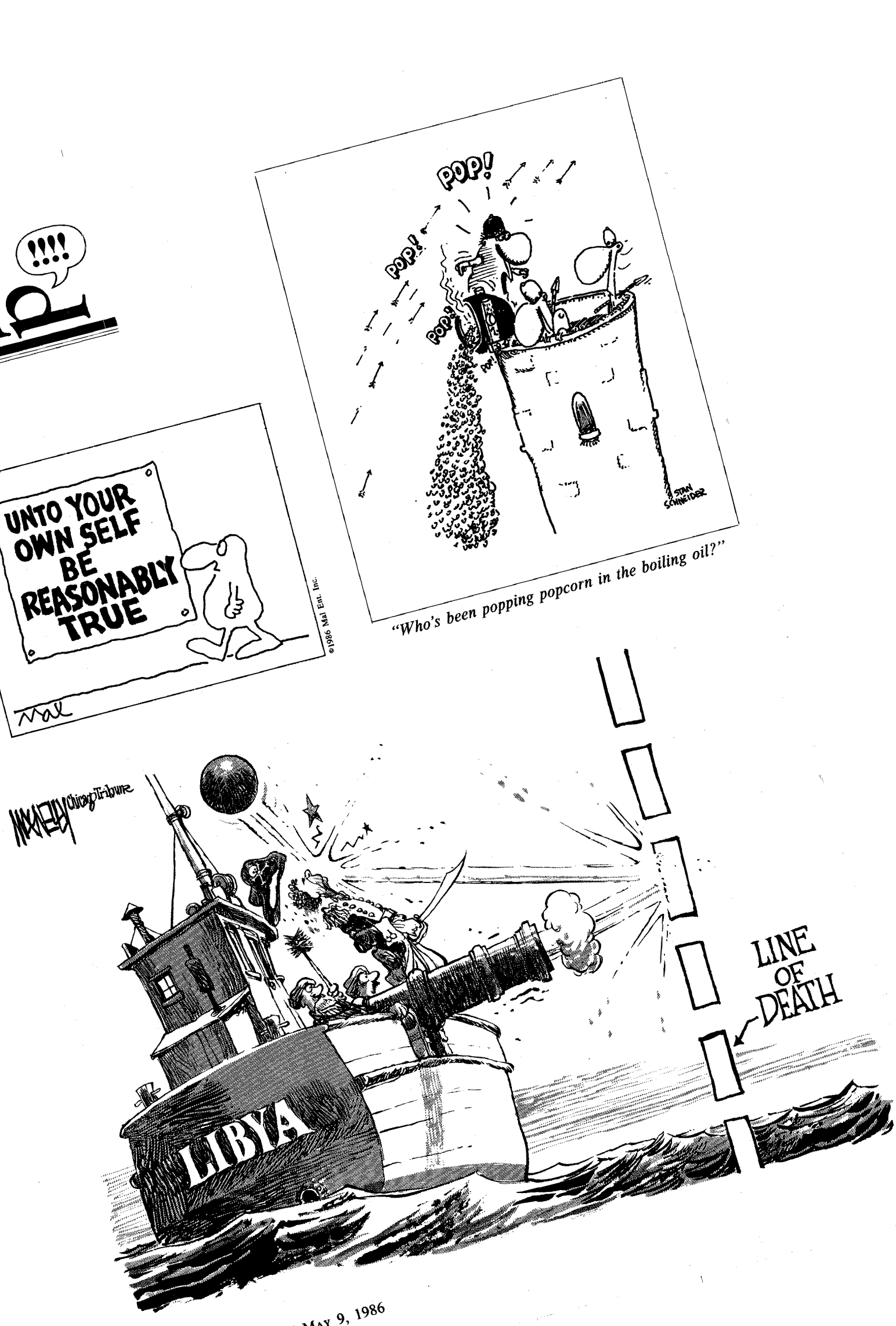
"Who's been popping popcorn in the boiling oil?"



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Labor's Melting Snowman

The coal-chunk eyes are missing;
  The carrot nose fell off.
Physicians rarely stop to ask
  The sagging thing to cough.
In some damp tomb, Sam Gompers
  Is tossing to and fro
As labor leaders mutely watch
  The service sector grow.

W. H. von Dreele

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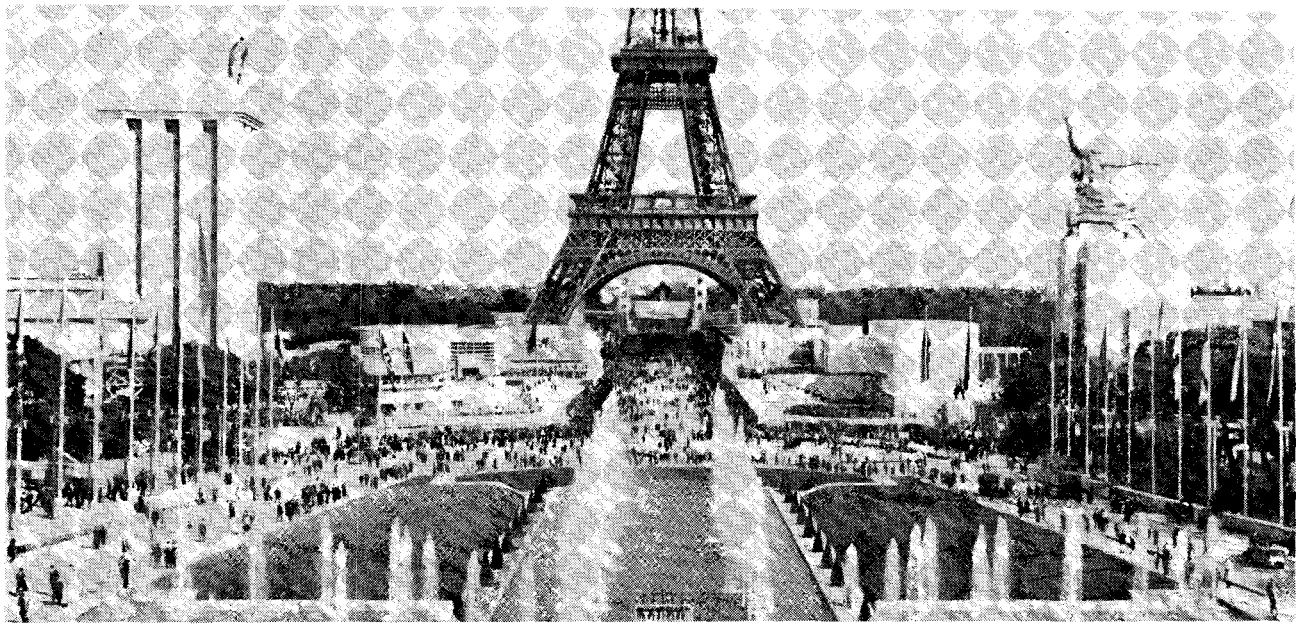
TOTALITARIAN CULTURE:

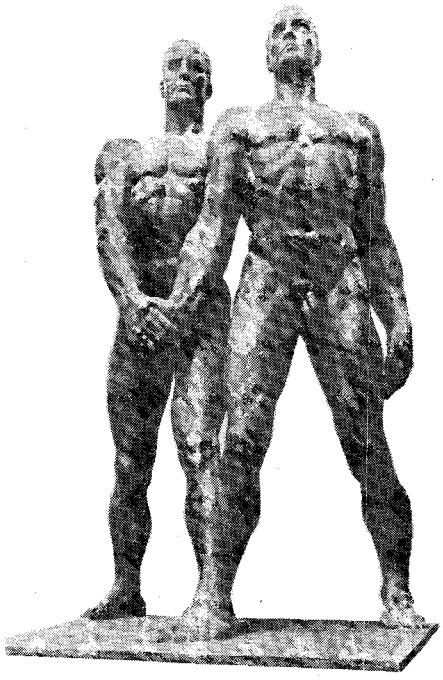
THE ENCOUNTER IN PARIS



INGA KARETNIKOVA & IGOR GOLOMSTOCK

"English writers who consider Communism and Fascism to be the same thing *invariably hold that both are monstrous evils which must be fought to the death; on the other hand, an Englishman who believes Communism and Fascism to be opposites will feel that he ought to side with one or the other."*

—George Orwell
"Second Thoughts on James Burnham," 1946



GRANTED, aside from the records of their deeds, the philosophical similarities between Nazism and Communism are not always easy to see. The skeptical, Enlightenment rhetoric of the Communists and the Romantic, neo-pagan rhetoric of the Nazis seem like irreconcilable opposites. But when the two great totalitarian ideologies are expressed *visually*—through architecture, sculpture, painting—their real similarities are strikingly revealed. The Communist and Nazi aesthetics merge in style, and the mirrors of Nazi and Soviet art reflect the same image.

Two years before the signing of the Stalin-Hitler pact—and the beginning of the Second World War—the world had an opportunity to see this clearly, almost comically, though almost no one seemed to notice at the time. The event was the International Exhibition of Arts and Sciences staged in Paris in 1937, and the two totalitarian systems, both claiming the dominant role in the world, met for the first time face to face.

Mrs. Karetnikova, a former Guggenheim fellow, writes cultural programs for the BBC and is a professor at Emerson College in Boston. Mr. Golomstock, a visiting scholar at the Hoover Institution, is an editor and broadcaster with the BBC.

Above: *The Champ de Mars during the 1937 exhibition. The Nazi pavilion is to the left, the Soviet pavilion to the right.* **Below left:** Comradeliness, *1937, by top Nazi sculptor Josef Thorak.* **Below right:** Factory Worker and Woman Collective Farmer, *1937, by V. I. Mukhina, the most celebrated Soviet sculptor of the day.*

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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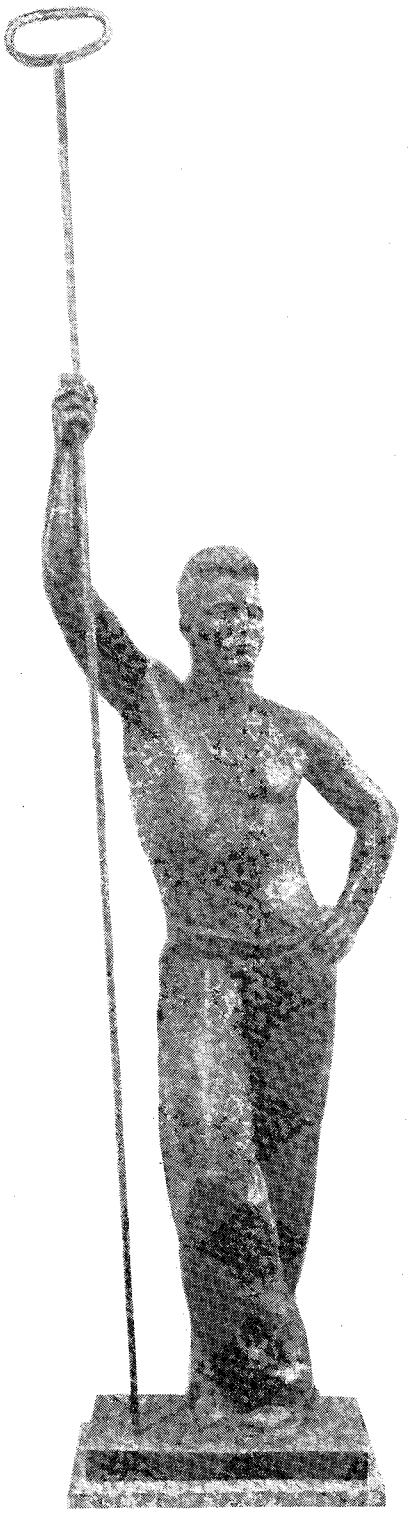
Opened by the president of France, the exhibition included 240 pavilions from 42 countries. Both the Soviet Union and Germany attached immense significance to this opportunity to demonstrate to the world, in the words of Reich's Commissar Dr. Ruppel, "the projects and designs of the Führer's great constructions which are destined to change the character of German life," or, as Soviet Commissar B. Ternovets put it, "to express the idea of . . . powerful growth, of the invincible movement of the Soviet Union along the path of conquests and victories."

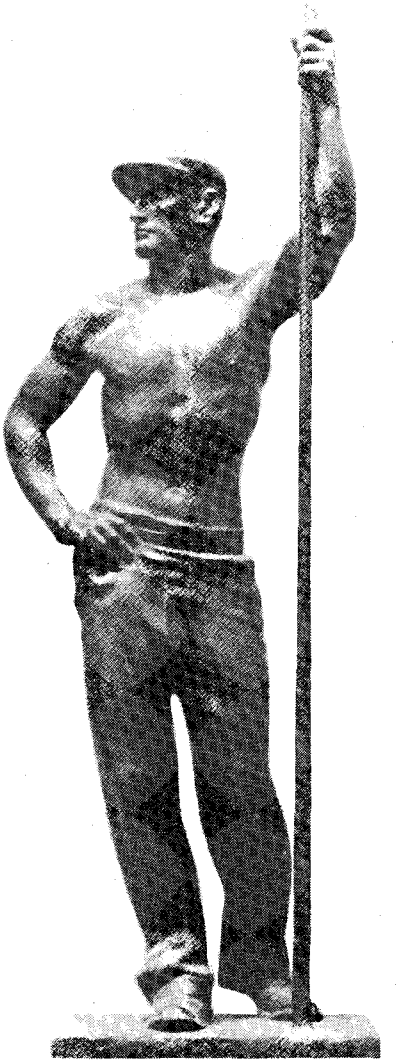
The Soviet pavilion, planned as a synthesis of architecture, sculpture, and the other arts, was a streamlined building 525 feet long, facing west, with a tower crowning its western façade. The pillars of the tower, 115 feet high, emphasized the building's forward and upward sweep. The tower also served as a pedestal for a gigantic group sculpture by Vera Mukhina—*Factory Worker and Woman Collective Farmer*: two enormous figures, caught up in the general movement of the building from east to west and carrying in their raised hands a hammer and sickle, the symbol of the Soviet state. In a specially issued brochure, the designers of the pavilion explained that "the style of the Soviet pavilion bears the definite imprint of the artistic method we call Socialist Realism."

Socialist Realism of course had already been exhibited in the West many times. But if, before 1937, Soviet Socialist Realism had looked rather lonely at international exhibitions, at the Paris Exhibition it found a worthy partner: the art of the "Führer's Principles," the aesthetic doctrine of Nazism as drawn from Hitler's statements on cultural topics. Erected directly across from the Soviet pavilion, the Nazi pavilion, also exactly 525 feet long, was also topped by an upward-reaching tower. In this case, the tower was crowned with an eagle gripping the swastika, the symbol of the Nazi state. At the foot of his tower, the architect, Albert Speer, had placed two 23-foot-tall figures of the group sculpture *Comradeliness*, by Josef Thorak. The Nazi pavilion was the most expensive at the exhibition. More than a thousand train cars had been needed to carry ten thousand tons of material from Berlin to Paris. The pavilion was to represent "a piece of sacred German earth" and so had been built "exclusively from German iron and stone." It too had been planned as a synthesis of architecture, sculpture, and the other arts. Speer describes in his memoirs how the design was born:

> While looking over the site in Paris, I by chance stumbled into a room containing the secret sketch of the Soviet pavilion. A sculptured pair of figures 33 feet tall, on a high platform, were striding triumphantly toward the German pavilion. I therefore designed a cubic mass, also elevated on stout pillars . . . from the cornice of my tower an eagle with the swastika in its claws looked down on the Russian sculptures. I received a gold medal for the building; so did my Soviet colleagues.

If the architecture of the Soviet and Nazi pavilions was similar, the sculptures adorning them could have been created by the same hand. "Powerful figures standing side by side and full of strength . . . marching in step, united by a common will, moving forward, sure of themselves and sure of victory." "Moving forward with the same powerful movement . . . long powerful strides . . . the bold youthful faces of these people looking bravely into the distance, into the sun and wind." These are the nearly interchangeable descriptions (one from the Nazi art magazine *Kunst im Dritten*





Left: The Steelworker, *1936, by Soviet sculptor G. Motovilov. It stood inside the Soviet pavilion.* **Right:** The Steelworker, *1942, by Nazi sculptor Fritz Koelle. Both works were considered classics.*

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Reich and the other from the Soviet art magazine *Iskusstvo*) of the Thorak and Mukhina sculptures adorning the two towers. The similarities in the work of Vera Mukhina and Josef Thorak —among the most famous and influential sculptors in their respective countries— were not random. In them, for the first time, a completely new aesthetic doctrine revealed itself: the doctrine of totalitarian culture.

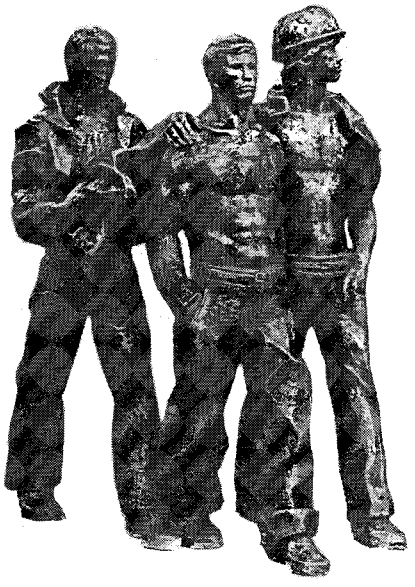
This doctrine was destined before long to subjugate the cultural life of a considerable part of the globe—from Poland to France, during the German occupation in the Thirties; from Eastern Europe to Mainland China, North Korea, Cuba, and elsewhere later on. In countries with utterly different historical and cultural traditions (China and Cuba, Bulgaria and Korea) absolutely similar monuments, paintings, novels, symphonies, and films would soon begin to appear. In its style and language, and especially in the function it would be required to perform in the life of societies, all this cultural output would differ drastically from anything ever created before in the realm of culture.

The totalitarian state transforms culture into a gigantic machine with the control lever firmly in the hands of the dictator; it ideologizes it from top to bottom and subordinates it to the goals of political struggle, leaving it no other meaning or content. This stripping away of any non-ideological purpose or content largely explains the stunning consistency of totalitarian art.

In a totalitarian society, art always serves the purpose of "covering up the deficit." The more fiercely famine in the Soviet Union mowed down millions of peasants, the more abundantly, in the pictures of Socialist Realists, was food piled up on the tables in collective farms, and the more joyously bloomed the smiles on the faces of tractor drivers and milkmaids. "Living has become better; living has become happier," proclaimed Stalin in the deadly year of 1937.

In Nazi and Soviet art, labor was presented as the most valued civic virtue. In endlessly replicated Soviet and Nazi paintings the bright blue sky above the construction site blossoms with the fireworks of welding, and

Above: This Was the SA, *by Elk Eber, a famous Nazi painter and a member of the SS. This painting, one of the most celebrated in Nazi Germany, was purchased personally by Hitler for his Reich Chancellery.* **Below:** *Things haven't changed much.* The Builders, *by Soviet sculptor A. I. Rukavishnikov, was sculpted in 1976.*



enthusiastic young men and women in workers' overalls lay down row after row of the bricks of a new happy life. At the same time, in real life, both Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union were busy constructing forced-labor camps. "In our Soviet art, labor, the most human of all man's activities, reveals its beautiful poetic nature," wrote a Soviet art critic. In totalitarian art people do not just work, they fight for the plan, for victory. Soviet paintings and monuments also depicted "such crucially important themes as the theme of the struggle for peace, the theme of the Socialist family, school, friendship, love." A Nazi critic produced a similar list: "Paintings of youth battalions, reapers in the fields . . . heroic workers next to red-hot steel furnaces, and flotillas ready to sail . . . our readiness to affirm the world of today and our struggle toward still greater achievements have given birth to completely new themes in art."

One of the most important components of totalitarian culture is the cult of the leader. The concept of the decisive role of the individual in history is naturally suited to the ideology of National Socialism, but it appears to contradict the very essence of Marxist determinism. Nevertheless, the deification of the leader lies at the heart of both systems.

At first the two cultures refused to recognize themselves in one another. Thus, Nazi critics denounced the style of the Soviet pavilion as "barbaric formalism draped in the mantle of Classicism," and the Soviet press called the Nazi style "a camouflage for the discord of real social relationships." Soon, however, events prompted a recognition of the truth.

The political rapprochement of the Stalin-Hitler pact and the joint invasion of Poland paved the way for rapprochement in culture. The Friendship Treaty included a paragraph about a cultural exchange between the two countries. In Berlin, plays and films based on Russian classics began to appear. In Moscow, Eisenstein staged an extravagant production of a Wagner opera in the Bolshoi Theater. Albert Speer (who by that time had risen to the position of Armaments Minister) writes in his memoirs that at the beginning of October 1939, the German ambassador to Moscow, von Schulenburg, informed Hitler that Stalin was personally interested in German architectural projects. An extensive exhibition of Nazi architecture was displayed at the Kremlin. "Soon," Speer writes, "[von Schulenburg] informed me that Stalin liked my designs." Who knows, if not for the war, Muscovites might have been gazing at official portraits of Hitler in museums in Moscow, and Berliners at stylistically identical portraits of Stalin in Berlin. □

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CHILE REVISITED

THE PICTURE Chile offers to the visitor is quite different from the image conveyed by the American and European mass media. I recently made a trip there, for the seventh time over a period of 25 years. The day before I arrived, there was a big demonstration organized by the Christian Democrats. The opposition press claimed 900,000 participants, the government spoke of 100,000. Photos taken from helicopters rather supported the government's guess. By the way, the pro-government press informed its readers of the demonstration in advance, giving time, place, public transportation and parking facilities. Chile is far from being a totalitarian state.

Public violence is a fact of life in Chile today, and the Chilean Left stages it very well. The representatives of the foreign mass media are tipped off (and so are the police) that in this or that sector of a demonstration, windows will be smashed, cars set on fire, or shops looted. The police arrive, act with the brutality we are accustomed to seeing on our television screens, and the cameramen have a field day. Besides this political street theater, there is also real terrorism from the Marxist Left. Bombs explode, arson is practiced. Just before our arrival a bomb was thrown into an orphanage, but a courageous lad picked it up and threw it into the courtyard, where its explosion caused only minor damage. However, the level of violence in Chile is probably no worse than in Western Europe. Between January 1 and November 20, 1985, West Germany experienced 296 acts of terrorism. (French, Italian, and Belgian statistics are even more alarming.)

The crisis in Chile today dates back to the Allende era and its aftermath. When the armed forces took matters into their own hands in 1973, the majority of Chileans were overjoyed. They may have been able to tolerate the intellectually Marxist side of Allende's regime (*vide* the hymns to Stalin by his court poet, Pablo Neruda), but they could no longer live with the near paralysis of economic life his policies were causing. Shortly before his fall, Allende admitted that there was food only for another two or three weeks. At that point—as in Brazil before the fall of Goulart—the women went into the streets and clamored for a radical change of government. Sporadic strikes by truck-drivers, white-collar workers, and others finally coalesced into a General Strike, and the army did not allow itself to be put to shame by its civilian compatriots.

THE JUNTA installed by the military did a tremendous job of restoring the economy—mainly because it had the good sense to listen to the advice of "the Chicago boys," a group of University of Chicago-trained Chilean free-market economists. However, by 1981 the worldwide economic crisis had hit Chile, and the situation has become steadily graver since then, with only recently a slight turn for the better. The Chilean debt is very high, and I fear that a leftist government would run into even worse debts, as such governments historically tend to do, creating the false euphoria of a life of plenty under Socialism, until the hard awakening comes.

Now, modern man is a thoroughly state-centered creature, who automatically makes the state responsible for his economic well-being. Hence the preferred solution to any economic problem is political, and the battle cry is inevitably "Democracy!" Unfortunately, historians know that in the last 170 years, whenever Latin Americans have attempted to institute U.S.-style democracy, they have wound up perverting it almost immediately. They looked at the United States and got the impression that majority rule creates wealth for everybody. What the Latin Americans ignore is the impact of what Max Weber called the "Protestant work ethic," which does not exist south of the Rio Grande.

The bishops of Chile have declared that democracy is *the* Christian form of government. As in almost all other parts of the world, the bishops are devoid of any economic knowledge. In their hearts most of them are still Christian Democrats, who, in many ways, were economically more radical than Allende. (In 1970, having lost the election themselves, they threw their support to Allende, convinced that he would extend "social justice.") Also, many of the Chilean bishops were, as young men, under the influence of Jacques Maritain, who taught for years at the Catholic University of Santiago, and who, though theologically sound, was politically Left. They became bishops under Paul VI, a close friend of Maritain. In 1981 Cardinal Archbishop Raúl Silva Henríquez was asked by journalists what Pope John Paul II thinks of liberation theology. "He has blessed it," was the cardinal's totally inaccurate reply.

By contrast, the Reformation churches in Chile are largely pro-government, as is the Jewish community. (The chief of the Council of State is a Jew.) The various evangelical sects are growing by leaps and bounds, because so many Catholics are sick and tired of hearing sermons about politics, sociology, and economics, while the sects largely preach the Bible.

Military dictatorships certainly have their flaws, but at least General Pinochet is an honest man. To hurry up a return to democracy before 1989 (when it was promised for, after the plebiscite of 1980) might be a major calamity. The Marxists remember the dictum of Engels that the democratic republic is the ideal framework for a Marxist victory. □

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A PURITAN IN TITOLAND

William McGurn

Rise and Fall, by Milovan Djilas (Harcourt Brace, 432 pp., $24.95)

WESTERN DEMOCRATS have long had something of a soft spot for Communist Yugoslavia. It started with admiration for the Tito Partisans' fierce resistance against the Nazi occupation, an admiration undimmed by Tito's subsequent ruthlessness in eliminating those who had also fought the Nazis, but who had even less use for Communism. Then came the unprecedented break with the Socialist Motherland: Plucky little Yugoslavia stands up to Stalin. Today even the capitalists have discovered they can do business with the Balkan bureaucracy, as the Yugo hatchback makes its debut on America's highways. Yugoslavia, they say, is *different.*

Yet there is something unseemly in the sniping between Moscow and Belgrade, rather like two old whores quarreling over their relative charms. It was Stalin, after all, who gave Tito his marshal's commission and the cap he wore so proudly. Yugoslavia's subsequent break with the Kremlin, moreover, was less a quarrel with Stalinism than with Stalin; Tito simply wanted to run his own shop. As for the little Yugo, it partly owes its competitive price to a particular strength of Communist production: slave labor. While U.S. autoworkers earn an average of $23 per hour and Japanese earn $11, those in Yugoslavia's Zastava plant earn as little as sixty cents.

In *Rise and Fall*, the country's leading dissident, 75-year-old Milovan Djilas, gives a behind-the-scenes look at the critical postwar period when Tito centralized power in himself. As a vice president of the Federal Republic and president of the National Assembly until he was publicly denounced in 1954, Djilas was a confidant of Tito's and knew as much about the workings of the government as anyone. In this fourth volume of his memoirs, he says his fall from grace was inevitable. "Looking back on my life," he writes, "I know that I would have become critical of Communism even without the Soviet-Yugoslav conflict and my later rift with Tito." The balance of the volume confirms this, leaving a further suspicion that its author's puritan streak would make him a dissenter in *any* government.

His own case, in fact, is a splendid illustration of the differences and similarities between Yugoslav Communism and the better-known varieties. For one thing, there is Djilas's continued existence itself, and his ability to function in public life. Not only does he grant interviews to foreign correspondents, he even writes regularly for my own newspaper, the *Wall Street Journal Europe*. Yet his nine years in prison and his subsequent relegation to nonperson status show that when its authority is challenged Titoism has been no less repressive than its parent; in the early stages, executions took place on a greater scale in Yugoslavia than elsewhere behind the Iron Curtain. Of particular horror to Djilas was the island prison of Goli Otok (Bare Island), where the "Cominformists"—the pro-Soviet faction of the Yugoslav Party—were banished, often without trial, to a life measured by torture and hard labor, Tito's own miniature Gulag.

Mostly, however, *Rise and Fall* covers Djilas's growing disenchantment with the state he helped shape, and how this in turn was affected by the dispute between the "democrats," on his side, and the dominant "bureaucrats," on the other. One of his first realizations was that without the presence of another party any reform was doomed; like too many intellectuals, however, he tends to celebrate his theoretical deductions of what common sense should have told him instead of wondering what took him so long to get there. His repeated pride in being a "revolutionary" and his bald statement that he has "never been ashamed of his party and revolutionary past" highlight his weakness for the new over the true.

Victor Gold is national correspondent for The Washingtonian *and was a senior advisor and speechwriter for Vice President George Bush in 1984.*

William McGurn is editorial-features editor of the Wall Street Journal Europe.

Cait Murphy is assistant editor of Policy Review.

C. H. Simonds works with computer systems and has been contributing to NR *since 1965.*

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His most significant error, however, is his underestimation of the power of ideology, a common enough error today. Okay, Marxism is dead. But Marxism outside the library stacks was never alive. It took Lenin for that, and, as Joseph Sobran has pointed out in these pages, there are more statues of Lenin than of Marx in Marxist lands. Even Djilas at one point notes that "living Marxism was indeed Leninism," and Leninism is alive and well behind the Iron Curtain, as the evidence of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Cuba, Nicaragua, Vietnam, and so on shows.

Nonetheless, this book would be worth reading solely for the details about the founding era of Tito's Yugoslavia, and especially the thought processes of those who were running the country. The description of the split with Moscow, for example, and how a slavishly pro-Stalin regime started to look West for support even though it was no less committed to Communism than before is highly instructive in considering the perpetual resurgence of nationalism. Above all, Djilas highlights the constant itch to control and the inevitable frustration aroused when the best-laid plans were thwarted by popular stubbornness.

As for Djilas himself, the other striking aspect of his memoirs is the distinct impression left that his split with Communism was more a matter of taste than of substance. He was physically revolted, for example, by Stalin's way of wolfing down food and Tito's increasing corpulence; nor does he seem the least amused in reporting that the Western press dubbed the Party's Sixth Congress the "Sex Congress" after one top Party official publicly accused another comrade of having seduced his wife. As he says bluntly, "I most disliked our new regime's banality and vulgarity."

Together with other admissions, lines like that suggest it has been best for all concerned, Djilas included, that he was never top man himself; our century is full of unappealing examples of regimes that have tried to root out what was deemed vulgar. No, Djilas's tendency toward abstraction and purity gives him a surprising sort of virtue for a materialist, a virtue more often found in saints than in savants: the ability to fix upon a simple truth and carry it through to its conclusion. To his everlasting credit Djilas did so even though this meant prison and persecution instead of privilege and power. How many reasonable men would make that heroic choice? □

THEY HAD TO MEAN SOMETHING

Victor Gold

The Outside Story: How Democrats and Republicans Re-elected Reagan, by Richard Brookhiser (Doubleday, 298 pp., $16.95)

A QUARTER-CENTURY has passed since Theodore H. White described the way candidate John F. Kennedy savored tomato soup and, in the telling, turned American political reportage inside out.

"Then the plane was aloft again, and he was somber in the dark as it moved through the air toward the mountains and Montana," wrote White in *The Making of the President 1960*. "The stewardess brought him a steaming bowl of hot tomato soup; with complete relish he stirred in a thick gob of sour cream and supped . . . Having finished his soup, he moodily stared out the black windows; a lightning storm was flashing across the distant sky, and as the lightning burst . . ."

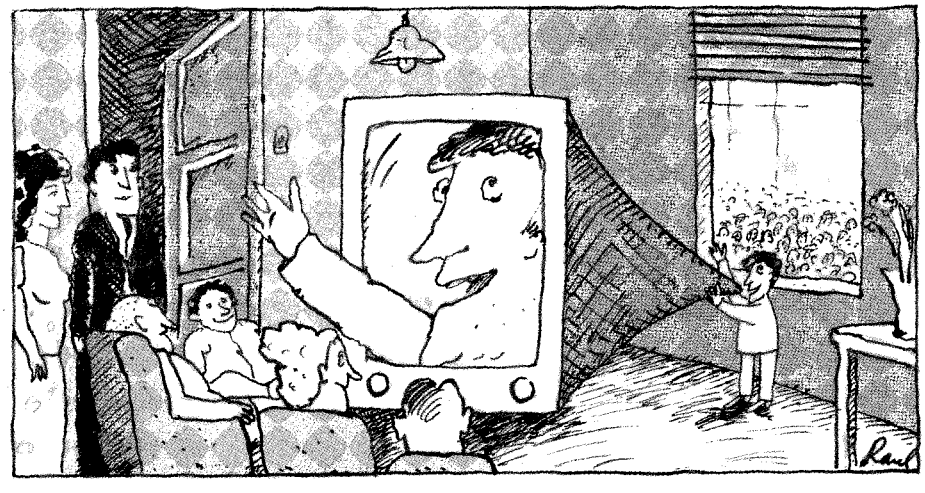
Lightning, camera, action: White, in giving his readers a tensile sense of Being There, provided the print medium's answer to television coverage of political campaigns. Television could bring the *scene* into everyone's living room—the candidate on the stump, or pressing the flesh as he moved through the crowd—but it still remained for print reporters to take us *behind* the scene, to give us the inside story.

The technique works, but only so long as the journalist has White's sure eye for the broad sweep of a campaign as well as its vignettes. Over the course of six quadrennials, however—from Kennedy *v.* Nixon to Reagan *v.* Mondale—there came into being a whole school of journalists who brought their camera's eye to focus on the steam rising from the soup bowl, the lightning bursting across the distant sky, and the candidate moodily staring out the black windows; that is, on the texture rather than the substance of the campaign.

These are the Insiders, political reporters who view the electoral process in terms, as Richard Brookhiser states the case, of "inexplicit maneuvers and manipulations" that take place behind the scene. Dispatched in a time capsule to cover the Gettysburg Address, they would pass up the event to seek out Lincoln's traveling secretary for a backgrounder on whether the President planned to dump Vice President Hamlin in 1864.

It is Brookhiser's radical thesis, however, that more goes on in a national campaign than that which doesn't meet the eye. "There is," he writes, "another way of looking at American presidential elections":

> That is to focus on what the candidates say and do in public; to leave the green room and the wings and go out front, and attend, with respect, to the performance. In the course of the 1984 campaign, eight men sought the nomination of one of the major parties. The winner and his running-mate then took on the incumbents . . . In the last year of the campaign alone, they spoke millions of words and made thousands of appearances. Surely they meant something by it. There are plenty of inside stories, too many; what of the outside story?



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A radical thesis on which to base a campaign chronicle, and a risky one as well. The general rule regarding campaign books—and this was true of White's seminal *Making of the President* series—is that they're only as interesting as the campaign they cover. But the freshness of Brookhiser's approach—he admits to being a wide-eyed, uncynical "political addict"—and the sharp cutting edge of his perception make *The Outside Story* a notable exception to the rule.

To the point, as a staff participant in the 1984 race, I perceived it as one of the dullest, if most bizarre, presidential campaigns in modern times; duller even than the bizarre Nixon-McGovern race of 1972, another self-inflicted Democratic debacle. But proving Brookhiser's point that the view from the inside is both limited and warped, I found his account of How Democrats and Republicans Re-Elected Reagan anything but dull. A sampling of the Outsider's style tells why:

On the Democratic presidential nominee's place in political history: "A terminal moraine is a hill of debris—pebbles, rocks, boulders—which a glacier pushes into place as it advances, then leaves behind when it melts. Walter Mondale was the terminal moraine of liberalism."

On the Reagan Administration's miscalculation in Lebanon: "The Marines were like pins in a bowling alley. Nothing was learned from one terrorist attack to the next, and counterattack was ruled out by the nature of the mission. It was military statesmanship, and State Department generalship."

On the Democratic Party's past, and possible future: "Gary Hart, who felt the need of new ideas and found, in the course of his campaign, an audience that was eager to hear them, did better than anyone predicted. With new ideas, he might have done better yet."

But more: In addition to the political addict's passion for the event itself, Brookhiser brings to his subject a scholar's eye for root causes. His capsule analysis of the intellectual as well as the political rise of the post-World War II conservative movement is recommended reading for the baby-boom generation, which, if it has heard of the Roosevelt Coalition at all, thinks it was a Sixties rock group.

"It is impossible," concludes Brookhiser, "to write about the carryings-

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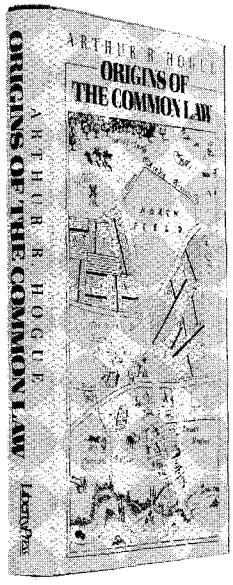

ORIGINS OF THE COMMON LAW

By Arthur R. Hogue

First published in 1966 by Indiana University Press, Arthur R. Hogue's *Origins of the Common Law* looks at the deep medieval roots of our legal system during the early formative period of the common law. Between 1154 and 1307, from the reign of Henry II to that of Edward I, common law experienced a spectacular growth as a legal system enforced in the English Royal Courts. Paraphrasing Professor Hogue: in the form of writs, judicial decisions, treatises, royal ordinances, and parliamentary statutes, the common law, in large part the definition of established customs, emerged into explicit written form and formal procedure to order better such ordinary relationships among Englishmen as those between landlord and tenant, merchant and money lender, and buyer and seller.

In his final chapter, "From Medieval Law to Modern Law," Hogue concludes, "The rule of law, the development of law by means of judicial precedents, the use of the jury to determine the material facts of a case, and the definition of numerous causes of action—these form the principal and valuable legacy of the medieval law to the modern law." And one might add, to the growth of the concept of liberty as well.

This thoughtful, lucid account is a work of history, not a technical legal treatise, and should be of interest to the general reader and the specialist alike.

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on of American politicians without irony." The Outsider brings not only irony but keen insight to his coverage of the 1984 presidential race. Even without tomato soup and lightning, he has pumped new life into what, with Theodore White's retirement from the scene, had become a dull, if not dormant, literary genre. □

RANDOM NOTES

□ LEFT OVER FROM MARCH: Rocco Montano's *Shakespeare's Concept of Tragedy: The Bard as Anti-Elizabethan* (Regnery-Gateway, $12, paper) has some interesting and decidedly controversial arguments to make about the playwright's intentions as dramatic fabricator.

□ MORE APRIL TITLES: In *Moscow and the Vatican* (Ardis, $23.50), Alexis Ulysses Floridi, a Roman Catholic priest in New York, accuses the Holy See of allowing its enthusiasm for "East-West dialogue" to lead it (unintentionally) into support of the further suppression of dissidents (both religious and political) by the Soviet and other Communist regimes. . . . *A Crime against the World: Memoirs of a Russian Sea Captain* (Victor Gollancz/David & Charles, $22.50), by Vladil Lysenko and translated by Michael Glenny, is a blistering attack on the destructive practices of the Soviet fishing fleet and, by implication, the Soviet government and society itself. Having effectively wiped out their own grounds, he charges, the Soviets are now turning to the territorial waters of other countries. Lysenko, who has 17 years of experience captaining Soviet fishing boats and afterward did a stint in the Soviet merchant marine, defected to the U.S. in 1975. . . . In *Mayday: Eisenhower, Khrushchev, and the U-2 Affair* (Harper & Row, $19.95), Michael R. Beschloss transfers, perhaps, his own naïveté to the American people when he writes: "The downing of the U-2 was the CIA's first massive public failure, the first time many Americans discovered that their government practiced espionage. May 1960 was the first time many learned that their leaders did not always tell the truth."

□ COMING IN MAY: *The Agency: The Rise and Decline of the CIA* (Simon & Schuster, $22.95), by John Ranelagh, reserves most of its respect for those directors of the Central Intelligence Agency who found the most reason to apologize for it. According to Ranelagh, who is British, William Casey, the current director, is an insensitive man, "unhaunted by ideals." —CW

LIFE FROM THE ASHES

Cait Murphy

The Party Goes On: The Persistence of the Two-Party System in the United States, by Xandra Kayden and Eddie Mahe Jr. (Basic, 240 pp., $17.95)

THE SURVIVAL of the two-party system today is a good illustration of the law of unintended consequences. Half a century of campaign-financing reforms, beginning with the Progressive Era, were designed to take the machines out of politics. This they did, but at the expense of weakening the two-party system to the point where Richard Nixon forbade the Republican National Committee to campaign against certain conservative Democrats, and Jimmy Carter ran—and won—against his own party in 1976. The weakening of the parties fostered the growth of powerful special interests that were not assimilated into the broader political structure. In Congress, party loyalty was shaken as the youthful class of '74 systematically stripped the seniority system; among voters, ticket splitting increased and party identification decreased. The two-party system in America, it seemed, was on an irreversible downward spiral.

A decade later, it is clear that reports of the death of the American party system were greatly exaggerated. The talk now is of realignment, as the Republicans have staged a remarkable comeback that, in turn, has shaken the Democrats' complacency enough to make them search frantically for "new ideas" and, of course, new sources of money. The weary cynicism of the 1970s—that there was no real difference between the parties—is a dim memory: Indeed, the differences are stark enough that some observers worry about a real polarization of the electorate, with moderation ending up the loser. But that is a minor concern for Xandra Kayden, a Democratic member of the Campaign Finance Study Group at Harvard, and Eddie Mahe Jr., former Deputy Chairman of the Republican National Committee. They both revel in the resurgence of party strength in the 1980s and argue that strong parties are good parties, and enhance the responsiveness of the political system.

Why this dramatic turnaround? Again, the answer is the law of unintended consequences. The post-Watergate campaign-financing-reform laws were supposed to lessen the roles of big spenders and special interests: no more suitcases full of cash to be deposited in secret bank accounts. From now on, individuals could give no more than $1,000 to a campaign, though they could band together in political-action committees (PACs) to give as much as $5,000. National parties could receive gifts up to $20,000, and donations to state parties were unrestricted. Full disclosure of all donations was required.

The effect of these rules was threefold. First, they enhanced the role of the small donor and, therefore, the role of those people who could persuade great numbers of small donors to give, particularly through direct mail. The Republican Party immediately sensed this: Its donor base has grown from 25,000 names in 1975 to about 1.5 million today. The Democrats failed to see the promise of direct mail until 1980, but hope to match the Republican effort by 1988. Second, PACs grew tremendously as a result of the legislation. Before 1974, most PACs were run by labor unions; now unions are outnumbered and outfinanced by corporate and trade-association PACs. Third, the legislation concentrated financial power in the top levels of the party system. Centralization of resources weakened special interests; almost by default, the parties became, in Kayden and Mahe's words, "the single most effective participant in electoral politics outside the campaign organization."

Another unintended effect of the reforms of the 1970s was that by centralizing resources and policy at the national and state party levels, the legislation crippled—probably permanently—the local party system. Kayden and Mahe shed no tears for this development. Politics has gone high-tech. The eager amateur volunteering to stuff envelopes is now an endearing anachronism, but one hardly worth lamenting. The new party system—where decisions and policy flow from the top down—may be less romantic, but Kayden and Mahe believe that both parties are now more representative of their

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constituencies, more informative, and more responsive.

The parties' new financial clout has given them a greater voice in candidate selection and policymaking. Both parties have become more ideologically coherent as a result. Partisan voting in Congress has increased, as have penalties for defying the party line.

The authors seem to fear this trend, cautioning that "a centralized political system that becomes ideologically coherent can threaten the diversity we associate with a weak decentralized party system." They are particularly concerned about the New Right's focus on such social issues as abortion and school prayer, because "the moral issues are inherently rigid" and threaten the parties' "capacity to bring about compromise."

Though they concede that a party takeover by impassioned ideologues—either left- or right-wing—is unlikely given the overriding imperative of winning elections, their instinctive distrust of ideology seems misplaced. After all, before there can be compromise, positions must be staked out. And even social issues do not preclude compromise: For example, it seems that many people on both sides of the school-prayer debate are willing to settle for a moment of silence in schools as a resolution of the issue.

Kayden and Mahe also underestimate the importance of ideology in party-building. The Democrats' current quest for "new ideas" and "fresh faces" is merely another way of seeking an ideology for the future. The Republican revival of the 1980s is due as much to the resurgence of conservative ideas as to the financial success of direct mail. Indeed, direct mail works hand in hand with strong ideology—*issues* sell through the mail.

Nevertheless, Kayden and Mahe insist that Ronald Reagan won in 1980 "in spite of his ideology, not because of it," and that youth voted for Reagan in 1984 because of their "positive evaluation of his performance in office," not his ideology. A fine line indeed. What this analysis fails to consider is how ideology—particularly conservatism—has changed the language of political rhetoric. Market-based solutions are now offered instead of government programs. The notion of group entitlements is increasingly questioned. The idea that America should defend freedom abroad is no longer ridiculed.

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These subtle changes are the legacy of conservative ideology, and they are what Americans were voting for when they voted for Ronald Reagan.

But this is a minor argument with a very good book. Kayden and Mahe have exploded the myth that the party system is a doddering anachronism. Instead, a new and different and stronger party system has emerged like a phoenix from the ashes of Watergate and decades of ill-conceived "reforms." These new parties are good for politics: They focus political debate, generate commitment, stimulate consensus, and provide accountability. More than ever, the parties are an indispensable factor in American political life. "The party of the future is here," write Kayden and Mahe. It's about time that fact was recognized. □

FICTION

BUMBLING DOWN THE CORRIDORS OF POWER

C. H. Simonds

The White House Mess, by Christopher Buckley (Knopf, 224 pp., $16.95)

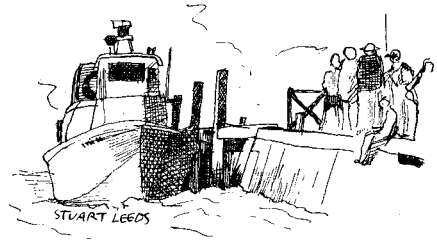
ONCE IN too great a while comes along a book that does in, for good, a whole dubious genre. Jane Austen and Catherine Morland finished off the Gothic novel (at least in its eighteenth-century manifestation; the modern form awaits, bodice unlaced, at your pharmacist's). Before Stella Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm*, readers could dislike the efforts of Mary Webb and her school, or be bored to tears by them; after Miss Gibbons, the only possible response was a snicker. Pick up *Precious Bane*, browse anywhere, and you'll recall only Aunt Ada Doom who saw something nasty in the woodshed, and the rotting farm hung to distraction with Sookbine, and the porridge boiling over. Now Christopher Buckley has lopped that perennial weed, the Forgettable Memoir.

The Crawfie syndrome must be as old as writing itself: That *I Was Attila's Manicurist* and *Backstairs at the Hanging Gardens* have not come down to us is no proof that they did not once exist. Human nature being what it is, sycophants will continue to recount their days pandering to, covering up for, and laughing on cue at the jokes of the mighty, for a long time to come. But we consumers, after years of buying such books in hope of finding something spicy in the way of straight poop, and being punished for our prurience with hours of leaden, suffocating boredom—we are redeemed: In *The White House Mess*, Buckley has deftly and amusingly finished off the genus Memoirist, species hanger-on, subspecies crashing bore. From now forward, when the men around the men around whomever rush into print, we shall be ready, with all needful antibodies in place.

Our memoirist is Herbert Wadlough, sometime Personal Assistant to President Thomas Nelson Tucker, who fictively succeeds Ronald Reagan but is in reality Jimmy Carter (for Wadlough's Idaho, read Georgia; for Bermuda, Iran; the parallels click into place with oiled precision). For all that Wadlough (like his chief) is a plodding bumbler, the vicissitudes of his White House years are hilarious.

President Tucker is surrounded by some dismayingly believable types: Bamford Lleland IV, the Ivy League snot whose block-long motor yacht, *Compassion*, is a continuing embarrassment to the Tucker Administration; the press secretary, Mike Feeley, ultimately opportunistic (his only comment when war is about to break out weeks before the election: "I hope this doesn't peak too soon"); a Vice President whose daily solicitude for the President's health is downright manic. Then there's the First Lady, a former film star whose effete Hollywood chums and willingness to play Lysistrata off screen are additional complications.

The high point of the chronicle (unless it is the mad pursuit of the First Hamster) is the Bermuda crisis. Makopo M'duku, *né* Cedric Pudlington, and his Bermudian United People's Insurrection seize sweater manufactories, turn golf courses into re-education camps, and threaten to invade the U.S. Naval Air Station. Marvin Edelstein,



the nitwit NSC director, is sent to Hamilton for talks and promptly taken hostage—from which predicament he vigorously objects to being rescued ("I had a dialogue going!") by a commando team that's also extracting the President's flaky brother before he can . . . No, mustn't spoil your fun.

As we already knew, success and prestige in Washington are measured not in power, not in money, but in Access. Poor Herbert starts out with Access: He dispenses parking spaces; tends to seating in the White House cafeteria (whence the title of the book); settles disputes over whose turn it is to use the tennis court. Thanks to the machinations of the unspeakable Lleland, he is "cut out of the loop," migrating from the West Wing, where the action is, to the East Wing, where the First Lady is. He ultimately regains Access, but only when the Tucker Administration is in a George Price shambles, awaiting certain defeat at the polls.

So. It's clever (also chortlesome), but is it Art? I believe it is. The author who takes on the burlesquing of such a lumpish genre walks a precarious line. There is always the danger of slipping into heavy-handedness; Buckley succumbs only occasionally, usually in the matter of bestowing names (Wadlough's accounting firm back in Boise is the Perelmanesque Dewey, Skruem, and Howe). Then there's the temptation to easy irony, best seen in books like Patrick Dennis's *Little Me*, with the ignorant innocent recounting monstrous perversion and chicanery, all unawares. That trick quickly palls; Buckley avoids it: Herbert Wadlough knows exactly what he's saying, and the poor bastard really wants to say it.

But the toughest chore Buckley has set for himself is finding and maintaining the correct tone, and this he does with remarkable skill. All the elements of the target genre are here, in just the right proportions: We have deadly solemnity, suggesting the memoirist's presumptuous belief that Clio is perched on his shoulder. From time to time, the mask slips and we wince at a flash of naked malice.

Always, the dish is peppered with self-righteous, self-serving asides: ". . . perhaps I overstated the case by proposing that we nationalize the banks. I had not been informed that Treasury Secretary Lindsay had come out against

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bank nationalization at the June 27 Cabinet meeting, and that the President had concurred. The whole incident, overblown though it was, points out the need for greater coordination in government." And no such work would be complete without clichés aplenty: "I girded my loins (figuratively speaking)" and pompous parenthetical elucidations: "The words sent a *frisson*—French for 'a tingling sensation'—up my spine."

Herbert Wadlough executes an unconsciously accurate portrait of the memoirist as the earnest, humorless, well-meaning, probably decent turkey his creator believes him to be. To Buckley's credit, the reader cannot leave his book feeling mere bemused contempt for Wadlough. Instead, a scene from an early chapter keeps coming to mind: "As the late-afternoon sunlight played on the bare branches of the oak trees outside, the President was philosophical. 'Who knows?' he said as his eyes scanned the curve of the Oval. I sensed it was a historical moment, a man reflecting on the immensity of power and on the implacable forces that would come to bear on him in the years ahead. 'This place could turn us all into assholes.' " □

TELEVISION

AID TO THE COMMIES

Joseph Sobran

IN LATE MARCH—the same week the House voted on aid to the Contras—PBS's *Frontline* ran a documentary on the Contras titled "Who's Running This War?" John Corry of the *New York Times* wrote a review of it that was devastating without being sufficiently severe.

The show was, to borrow Karl Marx's useful term, Communistic. It was a hatchet job on one wing of the Contras, the Nicaraguan Democratic Front (NDF), and on its American supporters, led by retired Major General John Singlaub and endorsed by Ronald Reagan. The Contras, it seems, are led by brutal Somocistas, and their American backers are dowdy old right-wing types who are either violating the law or "circumventing" (i.e., obeying) it.

As Corry delicately puts it, "The producer, Martin Smith, has taken a political position, and then selected facts to uphold the position. Journalism is supposed to work the other way around." Thus Smith, who narrated, implied consistently that the NDF leaders were predominantly old Somoza thugs, but he introduced one of its two heads, Adolfo Calero, only as a former Coca-Cola distributor—failing to mention that Calero opposed Somoza and went to jail for it.

The show offered lingering shots of murdered people—one woman with her eye shot out, for example—and said that these were victims of the Contras. Maybe so—though, as someone has wisely observed, anyone can write a caption. Smith writes some funny ones. By the end of the show I was wondering if "Smith" was his real name.

Again and again he said that the Contras were "reported" to have done this, had a "reputation" for that, and were "said to be" such and such. He made one glancing reference (in a subordinate clause) to reports (apparently hard to verify) of Sandinista brutality.

But why are the Contras so brutal? What do they have to gain by shooting up whole villages? With their economic sustenance in doubt, what motives or incentives would move so many young men to join them?

Here is the crux. "Despite their lack of military success," Smith said, "problems inside Nicaragua led to a swelling of Contra ranks."

The "problems" can be summed up in one word: Communism. This is a word Smith avoided.

Even the sharp-eyed (and -eared) Corry didn't call him on it. And it's an easy point to overlook.

But imagine a documentary on, say, the French Résistance that focused only on its violence, and never mentioned Hitler, Nazism, or the Vichy regime except as "the government." When you study a resistance movement, it seems rather elementary to give a little attention to what it's resisting. Not to mention the Nazis, in such a context, would be objectively pro-Nazi.

The "progressive forces" have finally found a liberation movement they can hate, probably because this one really intends to liberate. The history of the Sandinistas is evidence enough. The liberals told us the Sandinistas deserved American support. Their terrorism was excused as marginal. It wasn't appropriate to scrutinize their primary sources of support: They were "essentially indigenous forces" (have you ever heard a liberal call the Contras "indigenous"?) fighting on behalf of "legitimate aspirations" (liberals now use the word "legitimate" only of the Communist regime). Reagan is mocked for calling the Contras "freedom-fighters" (the Communist crackdown on church and press doesn't bother our "civil libertarians"). The Sandinistas aren't mocked for calling their tyranny "liberation."

Functionally, "liberal" now means pro-Communist. That is understood on all sides, though liberals loudly object to having it spelled out ("McCarthyism!"). Sidney Hook used to argue that to speak of "liberal anti-Communism" was redundant: A liberal is by definition devoted to procedural freedoms that Communism crushes. A noble thesis, but it now sounds Pickwickian. Indeed "liberal anti-Communism" sounds almost like a contradiction in terms. In the real world, liberals favor procedural freedoms only insofar as they are perceived to pro-

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mote a socialist or Communist outcome.

Liberal pro-Communism takes the form of avoidance, of refusing to recognize Communism as a problem or even a reality, and of treating any hostile perception of Communism (it only rules about half the earth) as some sort of psychological delusion. If you suspect but can't prove Communist influence in an area where Communism has an obvious interest, you "think there's a Communist hiding under every bed." Anti-Communism is even a clinical phenomenon ("the paranoid style," "the authoritarian personality").

In the liberal depiction of reality, Communism plays only a bit part. Even to speak of "Communism" is to make the liberal squirm: He feels that this is to speak at too high a level of abstraction. Communism, you know, is "not monolithic." He prefers to call it by local, particularist names: the Sandinistas, the Russians, the Cubans, the Chinese, the rebel forces, "leftists" if you must. Contrast this with his impulse to universalize "fascism," nearly half a century after fascism died, by imputing historical, moral, or metaphorical continuity with Hitler and Mussolini to anything he doesn't like (including Reagan). Fascism, for the liberal, is metaphysically monolithic.

So if you were told only that the *Frontline* show on the Contras had taken a "liberal" position, you'd gather at once, without even reflecting, that it would please Communists and displease anyone who cared seriously about liberty. □

"He no longer had a reason for living," Bontempelli concludes, "but he didn't die for all that, as one can live exceedingly well without having the slightest reason." This might almost be the story of Federico Fellini.

When he made his early, wonderful movies, Fellini was a natural talent—perhaps the most natural of all. Despite a distinctly autobiographical flavor, the films managed to be sufficiently different; indeed, in the greatest of them, *I Vitelloni*, Morando, Fellini's alter ego, is neither the most important nor the most interesting character. The last Fellini film to show intermittent strength was *8½*—even as it also admitted creative bankruptcy; after that came the vertiginous decline. Psychotherapy, which could have made him self-conscious, may be part of the explanation, but there is also success and egomania, and detachment from the world: withdrawal behind a living wall of amateur adulators and professional sycophants; indifference to what other artists, cinematic or otherwise, were doing; self-indulgent, obsessive involvement with a menagerie of international freaks and loonies; and supreme laxity as well as megalomania in the shooting of almost totally improvised, almost idiotically idiosyncratic movies.

I don't know whether it was in psychiatric or other disguise that the devil asked Fellini, "How do you do it, *maestro*? Do you spread your genius all over your films or do you keep it neatly tucked in?" But self-conscious as well as supremely self-regarding he became, watching himself for the provenance and quiddity of the Fellini magic. One of the old collaborators, Tullio Pinelli, was still there, but Ennio Flaiano died, and I'm not sure what became of Brunello Rondi. A new collaborator on scripts, Bernardino Zapponi, proved a disaster and was, I assume, dropped; by 1973, Fellini had latched on to Antonioni's chief scenarist, Tonino Guerra, for all the good that was to do him. The films became ever more horrible, and now, in this endless parade of artistic and moral collapse, along comes *Ginger & Fred*.

It is a case of arrested artistic development in tandem with ever growing delusions of grandeur. Take only the music. Even if the marvelous Nino Rota scores were getting a bit thin toward the end, the drop after Rota died was catastrophic: Fellini chose not to replace but to embalm him. "Write me a Rota score," he presumably commands one of the rotating pseudo-Rotas—in this case Nicola Piovani—and the wretch coughs up some ghastly, watered-down imitation. In the same way, many of the scenes in the new film look like snippets from other Fellini movies (I noticed especially *Variety Lights*, *The Clowns*, and *Roma*), overproduced and underfelt. And as always when Fellini piles up huge sets and casts, more is less.

The story of a once-popular bush-league dance team, Ginger & Fred (in real life, Amelia and Pippo), who through thirty years of fascism and war entertained the provinces with their imitation of Rogers and Astaire, and who after years of separation are reunited for an appearance on a mammoth TV program, has undeniable potential. For it to work, though, the emphasis has to be on the personal element, as it would have been in early Fellini. Here, however, the story, which doesn't make sense in itself, gets submerged in all that late Fellinian gigantism, exaggeration, and self-importance, in which crass exhibitionism and unrestrained manias crush the life out of human values. The film is ostensibly an attack on the commercialism and soulless vulgarity of television, but is really a flagrant example of the cauldron of pitch calling the kettle black.

That Fellini hates the dehumanizing materialism of television is all very well, but for a large-scale frontal attack on this subject it is a bit late in the game—especially if the attack is not accurate, not rich in fresh details, and not properly integrated with what purports to be the story line. A major TV variety show, *Ed ecco per voi* (ineptly Englished as *We Proudly Pre-*

FILM

CLEAN SHAVEN

John Simon

THERE IS a splendid story by the Italian humorist Massimo Bontempelli, *La barba di Federigo*, about a man with a gorgeous beard no woman (or anyone else) could resist. But the devil in disguise asked him with seeming innocence whether he slept with his beard inside or outside the covers. Trying to figure out the answer drove poor Federigo nuts, to the point where he couldn't sleep either way and, in despair, shaved off his precious beard.

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sent), is offering a holiday special for which enough participants have been booked to make it an all-day affair. We get several kidnap victims and their lawyers, an old admiral who once performed a heroic rescue, a much-decorated civilian, a transvestite who caters to prison inmates, a defrocked priest and the woman for whom he lost his frock, a troupe of dancing dwarfs, a dapper and arrogant murderer with a retinue of guards, and numerous others. There are several look-alikes, including doubles of Proust and Kafka, as if there were a program in the world dealing in such esoterica. But Fellini must have his little joke at intellectuals, though its exact nature or relevance defies analysis.

In the immense shuffle, everything gets lost. What is the point of the old admiral, who has a fair portion of screen time but serves no discernible purpose? Though the transvestite seems to establish some genuine contact with Amelia and Pippo, nothing comes of this. None of the "acts" on the show is sufficiently developed to earn our interest: The clairvoyant and her son with their psychic tape recordings are as good for a giggle as the inventor of edible underwear, and nothing more. And Fred and Ginger, poor things, are themselves good only for a nervous titter, whether her moth-eaten old Ginger Rogers wig no longer looks right, or whether he cannot cadge another drink to screw up his courage.

Even amid hyperboles, some accuracy cannot be dispensed with. It is inconceivable that Pippo and Amelia, after thirty years of dancing and lovemaking, would completely lose track of each other, and that neither of them would make a serious effort to see a bit more of the other after the TV reunion. In any case, her *embourgeoisement* and his continued bohemian lifestyle deserve closer attention —and contrasting—than we get. But always now effect supersedes feeling. Thus when Amelia is alone in her impersonal hotel room, the revolving searchlight from the broadcast tower keeps invading her room at short intervals. This creates a prettily harrowing effect, but why doesn't she just pull down the blinds? So that Fellini can have his alienating effect, regardless of verisimilitude.

In the film's only location sequence, Amelia watches some of her fellow TV guests on the eve of the broadcast

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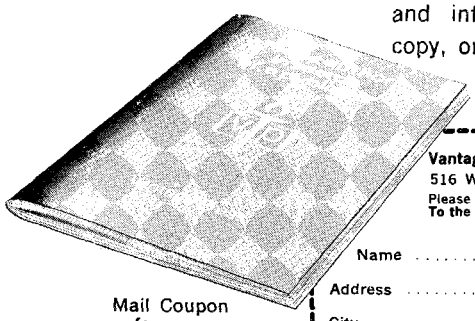

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cavort across a misty, lamp-lit, desolate square to an all-night café, even as a gang of motorcyclists zooms viciously hither and yon. The forlorn, self-isolated woman, the dancing revelers, the mechanized brutes—it sounds so atmospheric and suggestive. But in the good, old Fellini movies, from which the components of this scene are lifted, something would have happened in such an episode, there would have been meaning as well as mood. Or take the scene where the head of the TV network visits the makeup room to survey the participants and ends up dancing with Ginger, whom he claims to remember with affection. The man speaks with a travesty of an upper-class Roman accent, and is presented as a total phony. An ounce of healthy vulgarity in the man, or a touch of self-irony, might have lent some acrid, aching truth to this moment. As Fellini now is, it exudes only perfunctory contempt. Indeed, all the TV personnel as well as sundry journalists are represented as either idiots or swine.

And even the climax is muffed. As Pippo and Amelia begin to perform, and we wonder whether they can make or even fake it, there is a power failure. The fulsome, tinsely MC (Franco Fabrizi, and good) asks for complete stillness until electricity is restored; on the pitch-black studio stage, amid Stygian silence, Amelia and Pippo have their moment of truth. But it isn't. No huge, modern studio would be without its own generators, and no audience, least of all in Italy, would observe pristine silence under such conditions. Against such flagrant untruth, even in a nonrealistic film, you cannot play out a compelling epiphany.

The very post-synching is wretched. Fellini makes the actors mouth anything, and their subsequently dubbed-in dialogue distractingly bears no relation to lip movement. Dante Ferretti's production design is neither menacing nor mirthful enough. Even the subtitles are dreadful: *Paso doble* is translated as *pas de deux*, and the instruction to the participants backstage to be silent *come in chiesa* (as in church), one of the film's better ironies, is not translated at all. Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina give simple, faithful performances, but they cannot prevail against the surrounding farrago. Poor Federigo, without his gorgeous beard! Poor Federico, without what was once Fellini! □

DELECTATIONS

SPRINGTIME IN SOUTHERN SPAIN

Nika Hazelton

LURCHING DOWN memory's muddy lane, I remember a springtime trip to southern Spain a long time ago, when I first saw Gibraltar and Seville. It happened that the visit to Seville took place in Holy Week, so that I experienced both the stuffiness of a British Crown Colony and, immediately afterward, the abandon of a major Spanish religious event; among the things I'll never forget is the juxtaposition of the two worlds.

I had been invited to visit Gibraltar by my then husband's Aunt Gladys. He would join me there to proceed to Seville—in case anybody wants to know how I got to Spain's most beautiful and interesting city.

The trip to Gibraltar should have prepared me for that stronghold of British life. I sailed from London on an India-bound P&O boat, P&O standing for Peninsular and Oriental. Before flying became as commonplace as it is now, the P&O boats were the way to go if, as a Brit, you had to go to India or the Far East. Thus the boats were the quintessence of all that the British middle and upper middle classes held beautiful. The cabins reminded one of the accommodations of an English boarding school, and the decor of the whole boat was in boring (to put it charitably) shades of beige, green, and brown. The food was atrocious, even to my youthful and unsophisticated palate. Suffice it to say that the chief steward told me proudly that even in the ferocious summer heat of the Red Sea, no passenger would have to miss his cut of the joint of meat with two veges or, just as important, the boiled or baked suet puddings of home. Baked treacle tart and boiled Spotted Dick would appear as regularly as taxes, he said. He also explained to me that the "spots" would be sultanas, not make-shift raisins, in that horrid, long-boiled mélange of suet (beef fat from the kidney), flour, sugar, and spices, as if I had not known this from my English boarding-school days. To my sorrow, I may add.

Gibraltar looked just like its pictures, with the big rock towering over hilly, rather narrow crowded streets, and the big red mailboxes and telephone booths of England. The population seemed to consist of lively and chatty Spaniards, who were the shopkeepers, and respectable, mainly middle-aged English people who did not seem amused to be where they were.

The surprise of Gibraltar turned out to be Aunt Gladys, who had invited me to come to see her, and paid for the trip, by the way. In the midst of this outpost of the Empire, as Gibraltar was constantly referred to in Gibraltar, this well-to-do Boston lady had managed to retain her free American spirit. She had a suite in the best hotel, where she lived year-round, but she was never seen in the downstairs salons because, so she said, she could not walk downstairs. Why? Because on a trip through North Africa, Aunt Gladys had been felled by a mysterious illness that allowed her to reach Gibraltar but not to go any farther. (I now wonder, though it never occurred to me then, why she didn't use the plush hotel's elevators.) However, she was never seen downstairs, and I was told that, horror of horrors, in order to amuse herself she played cards with the waiters! In her youth, it seems that Aunt Gladys had played around with a very improper Bostonian. But she redeemed herself by marrying a very proper Englishman and taking time off to minister to the wounded on Belgium's battlefields during the First World War. For this, Aunt Gladys became known as "*l'Ange des Belges*," she told me during the few hours she allowed me to spend with her, sending me to sightsee around the Rock and the town the rest of the time.

A short time after I left, her son and only child came from England for the sole purpose of presenting his newly wedded wife to her. When the son, whom I never knew, sent a message up from the lobby requesting permission to bring his wife up to his mother's suite, Aunt Gladys replied that she would receive him alone. The son sent back word that either she would receive them both or he would not see his mother at all. Aunt Gladys did not change her mind, so her son and his wife took a P&O boat back to England a few hours later, and he never saw or heard from his mother again. I

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remember the cheerful, chirpy, *echt*-Bostonian lady in her baggy tweeds rather well. But what still astounds me is that I took her so completely for granted that I never even wondered about her.

Eastertime in Seville was glorious. Just after the end of the Spanish Civil War, Seville was a far simpler city than it is now. We stayed at the best hotel in town, where our breakfast milk was fresh indeed, since it came from a herd of black and white goats that were brought to the hotel each morning to be milked for the hotel's daily supply. As an early riser, I had seen the goats go by and understood that the only local milk would be goats' milk. And one did get used to the flavor after a while, although it was rather harsh.

From Holy Thursday on, the religious processions for which Seville is famous went on well into the night. It was the first time after the Civil War that Seville could celebrate Easter with abandon. From every church in town, we were told, wonderful and richly dressed baroque images of Our Lord, His Mother, and His Saints, and tableaux of the Crucifixion and other holy scenes would be carried on heavily carved platforms by brawny men who could just manage the weight. Behind them marched the members of the religious confraternities, which included hooded, black-gowned penitents. The sight of them sent shivers down our spines—especially the ones who flagellated themselves with knotted leather whips. (How do I know the whips were made of leather? Because a *penitente* friend of ours showed me his whip on Easter Sunday, when we lunched with his family after Mass in the cathedral.)

Together with other people not taking part, we watched the processions from the sides of the main street, lined with little café tables. Like the locals, we drank, cold, the driest of sherries, Manzanilla, made in Sanlúcar, from where Columbus sailed to discover the New World. Every so often—especially when night fell, making the processions even more impressive—somebody in the crowd would break out in a loud, melodious lament.

On Holy Saturday afternoon, when the town had quieted down, I had the fanciest manicure of my life. It took hours, but that was the way they did things in Seville, the patient, tousled manicurist explained as I was fretting.

After Easter, we took a train to Granada. To pass the time on that day-long journey, we taught the other passengers to play tic-tac-toe on bits of paper still fragrant from the fried foods that had been wrapped in them; the Spaniards all loved the game. In Granada, we returned to the English ambiance in a stuffy *pension*. After seeing the sights, in the evening we wanted to see the Gypsies dancing in their caves. As a woman foreigner, I was allowed in, provided I left before nine o'clock. I did, and thus I never found out what ineffable things went on in Granada's Gypsy caves after the stroke of nine. □

THE GIMLET EYE

BOMBING OUT IN EL SALVADOR

D. Keith Mano

SCOPE OUT this nice refinement of leftist forkspeak. When you hear: SUPPORT THE FMLN REBELS IN EL SALVADOR, figure they're winning. A glorious, indigenous, autonomous, spontaneous revolution has broken out. When they say—as they do more often now—STOP THE BOMBING OF CIVILIANS IN EL SALVADOR, reckon they've gotten their tripe hashed but good. Your Communist guerrilla, see, really never can lose. Baste him hard enough, he'll become a harmless *campesino* again. All at once civil war is that fascist government "counter-insurgency" effort, employing brute, technological coercion. I gather, from my night at CISPES (U.S. Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador), an acronym that would fit some venereal canker just fine, I gather Duarte is kicking major ass. He has turned the entire population of El Salvador into sudden, rhetorical citizenhood.

High above San Salvador is rebel-held Chalatenango Province and San Antonio los Ranchos. This banana burg has an American sister town—Berkeley, California. (You didn't think it'd be Tuxedo Park, did you?) In March 1985, Mayor Gus Newport went to El Salvador—word had it that San Antonio was now Guernica South, bombed flat as a prayer rug by Duarte. With Newport came Mary Anne Buckley, who can interpret Spanish, and for whom, also, truth will lose much in translation. She has a standard horror slide show to flash on the paint-cracked wall. I'll snap her cricket, you follow along.

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Various *National Geographic*-style slides. Gum-bare old women who might have come right out of a Fellini film. Buoyant and forgiving children just-like-yours. Innocent, apolitical cornfields. Remember *The Family of Man*? This is where it lives. They ship authentic people from El Salvador and rent them out to the rest of creation.

Slide #17. A young, gallant member of the local "democratic" militia. "Many had weapons that were literally taped together with masking tape. Old hunting rifles left over from the days when large landowners controlled this part of the country." Where do you suppose they buy old hunting rifle ammo? As for the tape: Mary Anne might be naïve, but tape no doubt reduces metal glint in an am-

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ON THE EVENING of December 5, 1985, the former United States Ambassador to the UN, the Honorable Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, delivered a notable address that nevertheless appears to have gone quite unnoticed by the public commentators. Addressing her audience, assembled in Washington under the auspices of the American Enterprise Institute, on the subject of "The United States and the World: Setting Limits," Mrs. Kirkpatrick made the following statements:

> I believe the United States has no unique rivalry whatsoever [with the Soviet Union] and that the United States has no unique interest in countering Soviet expansion. We and all of our friends and all of our adversaries ought to be clear that *in no sense is the United States involved in a contest with the Soviet Union for world dominance.* Our disagreements with the Soviet Union, then, are no different from those with any other country that seeks to maintain its own independence and hopes for a world of independent nations. . . . The notion of superpower rivalry and the talk of East-West struggle that uniquely involves the United States and the Soviet Union confuse us about our responsibilities and confuse many other nations about who we are and what we are doing in the world today. I think we should make it clear that all nations who seek to maintain their own independence have a primary responsibility for doing so.

In the course of her talk, Mrs. Kirkpatrick referred three times to George Kennan, quoting him (approvingly) once, and referring (again, with approbation) to "[his] approach to foreign policy, which has always had the national interest as its center." She was, it seems to me, saying something new, important, sensible, very refreshing, and most worthy of attention. As one of the Francis Boyer Lectures on Public Policy, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's speech has been published by the AEI (1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) under its original title and at a price of $3 per copy.

Like Alexis de Tocqueville, Hans Morgenthau, Walter Lippmann, George Kennan, and other observers, Ambassador Kirkpatrick believes that "We Americans . . . do not know what [foreign policy] is for"; that is to say, we do not possess a "clear, stable sense of national interest that would guide us in international politics much as self-interest guides in personal affairs." We have permitted a confusion to develop in our minds whereby "national interest" is consistently conflated with "selfish interest": an error that arose, almost inevitably, from "that century of peace [1812 to 1917], in which our prosperity increased [and] the sense of our invulnerability and of our exceptional qualities grew, along with our idealism." As the walking, talking embodiment of this error, Woodrow Wilson lodged it firmly (and, so far, inextricably) in the American psyche when he made a bid for world constitutionalism with his League of Nations idea: "My personal encounter with this problem," Mrs. Kirkpatrick remarks, "began after my appointment to the United Nations. The President and I both assumed that my job was to represent the United States in that body. How surprised I was to discover many, perhaps most, Americans interested in the United Nations assumed otherwise. They thought the job of the U.S. permanent representative was to represent the United Nations to the American people. For such people," she adds caustically, "the U.S. national interest has disappeared almost entirely into a vague notion of a stable world order embodied by the UN, which it was presumably our function to serve."

According to the ambassador, this naïve delusion of an underlying "world community" or "world harmony" led us directly into two wars, first in Korea, next in Vietnam (concerning the wisdom of which involvements she is distinctly noncommittal). Of greater importance than this sentimentality are the equally naïve, but potentially far more dangerous, assumptions of U.S. power, invincibility, and purpose. "Often, discussion sounds as though we were an omnipotent, invulnerable, and purely altruistic people, when we are, in fact, none of these. We are vulnerable, capable of being destroyed in minutes. Our resources are limited. We, like all other nations, need a foreign policy that gives priority to our national security."

These remarks, coming in the thick of the debates on Nicaragua and Honduras, strike me as exceedingly curious and provocative. If this is a kind of neo-isolationism, then it is the prudent isolationism of Washington and the Hamilton of "Pacificus," rather than the militant isolationism of the America Firsters. "I believe that our national self-conception grew progressively expansive and at the same time we grew progressively careless about our strengths. . . . We have not taken as much note as we might of the growing strengths of other nations and our own comparative weakness." We are, in other words, no longer the colossus of the immediate post-1945 era; rather, we may be reapproaching the status of merely one nation among others that we enjoyed (if that is the word) as a young, developing nation—in which case we have much to relearn about foreign-policy matters from the founding generation. □

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bush situation. Either way you see the FMLN rebel mid-metamorphosis from moth back to worm: half guerrilla, half civilian. Just a "militiaman" like they had at Lexington and Concord.

Slide #36. The notorious shoe factory. State Department spokesmen have claimed that this plant (sent financial aid by CISPES) is really turning out guerrilla footwear. But what do we see? Slide of yer grandma wearing army boots. "They *were* for civilian use. Boots are the most practical things to put on in that part of El Salvador." Right. Granny is sweating goulash from the ninety-degree heat. She has just a thin shift on. Sure, she'd love to wear combat clods around the hut all day.

Slide #51. "We didn't see many of the combatants in this area, though we saw some." This one has a mean, tapeless, automatic weapon. But examine her rhetoric again. He isn't an FMLN rebel (they might lose and must be disavowed at least for now), he's just a "combatant." As if they play Risk or Diplomacy in Chalatenango Province, not terrorist bush war.

Slide #63. According to Duarte (who, I judge, has given CISPES much *dolor de cabeza* in their propaganda scrimmage as well), FMLN guerrillas intimidate and rob the province. So Mary Anne, that trick photographer, arranged to showcase several militiamen handing a somewhat uncomfortable grandma one crumpled Salvadoran simoleon for cake and sugar. "In fact, militia members and so on bought supplies from her store." But I thought militiamen weren't FMLN. Maybe the FMLN is covered under "and so on."

Slide #75. Mary Anne and the Newport expedition lying down to hide from bomb. Slide #76. Shot of small push-pull plane above. No bomb. "We were a little shaken up, but none of us were hurt." Hurt from lying down? Are they so clumsy? Next day they're *told* that the plane had killed five *campesinos* in a distant village.

Slide #82. Being greeted by precocious children who chant, "Long live the Mayor of Berkeley." At this point they turn back—frightened by that mosquito plane and the prospect of lying down again. *They never even got close to San Antonio.* Probably the town wasn't enough of a Potemkin disaster for FMLN tastes. That, however, won't inconvenience whichever Picasso they decide to commission.

Question period: Ten years ago I would've stood up and said, "D. K. Mano from NATIONAL REVIEW—what's all this jungle fungus you're retailing?" But I've gone mellow, sly. Mainly, I'm tired of being hissed at by old women in Shakti shoes. So I raise one hand and s-s-start muh-my stutter. Liberals listen with patience to a stutterer. They compash on the glottally disadvantaged.

"A-ah. It-it doesn't look good for the rebels. How can we, are you—are you, I mean, satisfied with the amount of arms we're getting from Castro and Nicaragua?"

Pause. Miss Buckley eye-gropes me. "Whose side are you on?"

"Side? I loathe that fascist Duarte. Why-why won't Castro commit more weapons to those poor people in San Antonio?"

Silence. Then muttering. "There are no arms from Castro."

"*No?* No arms? But how can we win then?"

"A-ah," says Miss Buckley, stuttering herself now.

"H-how can we *win*?"

"Well—" Miss Buckley is uncertain. "You see, they have lots and lots of American rifles that've been captured from Duarte's troops, you see."

Oh. Indeed. And ten thousand rolls of masking tape. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Murderers' Row: The 1927 New York Yankees, by G. H. Fleming (Morrow, 399 pp., $19.95)

G. H. FLEMING felt that his method of writing about a baseball season, from one team's point of view and entirely from contemporary newspaper accounts, still had enough juice left for "one final fling," the 1927 Yankees. And this book, his third season history, is even better than his previous works on the 1908 New York Giants and 1934 St. Louis Cardinals. Unlike those seasons, the 1927 one did not feature much of a race—the Yankees took first place on the second day of the season, never relinquished it, finished 19 games ahead of their nearest rivals, the Philadelphia Athletics, and beat the Pittsburgh Pirates in the World Series four straight. The

(Continues on page 62)

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UNSCRAMBLING LIBYA

NEW YORK, APRIL 9

ISN'T IT the case, the reporter asked, that our action in the Gulf of Sidra will have the effect of elevating Qaddafi in Arab eyes as a hero?

Isn't it a fact—we have heard this one over and over again—that our help to the Contras has had the effect of cementing Latin American sympathy on the side of the Sandinistas?

If we want to add to such a catalogue of nonrational phenomena, we can extend the list very long. Isn't it true that Israel's successful and heavy raid against Idi Amin had the effect of consolidating Amin's popularity among Africans?

The generality—that you incur enmity by doing the correct thing—doesn't, however, extend indefinitely. When we liberated Grenada, we did not stir up the wrath of the Caribbean nations. And when, finally, one African state moved against Idi Amin, there wasn't consolidated resentment by the rest of Africa. It had become a local story.

The reporter persevered on the matter of the Gulf of Sidra. Wasn't it, he asked, a matter of pretty suspicious coincidence that the United States found itself defending the freedom of the seas in an area the title to which is being asserted by an acknowledged enemy of the United States? Can the world be expected to take seriously the proposition that the United States Navy was merely engaged in a clinical exercise in freedom-of-the-seas sweeping? Weren't we actually looking for an opportunity to provoke an enemy whose forces are concededly inferior to our own?

Yes, that's true in a way. We are obviously pleased that it was Libya that presented this challenge to the freedom of the seas, not Norway. On the other hand, there is no defending Libya's theoretical position, namely, that you should be allowed to draw a line between one cusp of your territory and another, and declare the entire cavity to be territorial waters. If we drew a line between Eastport, Maine, and Miami, Florida, and declared that the part of the Atlantic Ocean inward of that line belonged to us, we would have engaged in the largest act of expansion since acquiring the Southwest Territories from Mexico.

For the first 24 hours after the incident there was something like stony silence from our allies in Europe. The others had reacted about as expected. The Soviet press trotted out the line about international banditry, which it has been using about us ever since we airlifted bread and medicine into Berlin in 1948. The Arab world accused us of aggression. Europe was silent—until Mrs. Thatcher broke the ice and observed that in asserting the freedom of the seas the United States was doing an international service. At this writing not all our allies by any means have joined Mrs. Thatcher. The reasons are plain. They are the same reasons Europe refused last January to join Mr. Reagan in boycotting Qaddafi. These nations trade heavily with Libya, and they are afraid of the terrorist reach of Qaddafi. No European nation is courting his specified enmity. There are too many terrorists at his disposal. And, indeed, he now speaks of suicide "patriots" who will engage in a holy war of retaliation against the United States.

It is one thing to ask: "Shouldn't our allies immediately endorse what we did?" Something else to ask: "Why did they not do so?" Countries often do that which they ought not to do, or else fail to do that which they ought to do. Perspectives change, as one moves from capital to capital. And whereas there are nations in Europe and even in Africa and even—I dare say—in the Middle East that are glad we did as we did, they are not about to make the point publicly. Not about to court the displeasure of Qaddafi when there is no special purpose to be served in doing so, save to stroke a superpower.

But *our* lesson from all this is that the right thing to do is the right thing to do; if the configuration of diplomatic support is not something you can count on, then you are best off ignoring it. We can expect that firmness in pursuit of the correct policies will, in the last analysis, bring the respect of other countries, which is different from their affection. We'd like both, but must court only one. □

BUSH HAS GOT IT WRONG

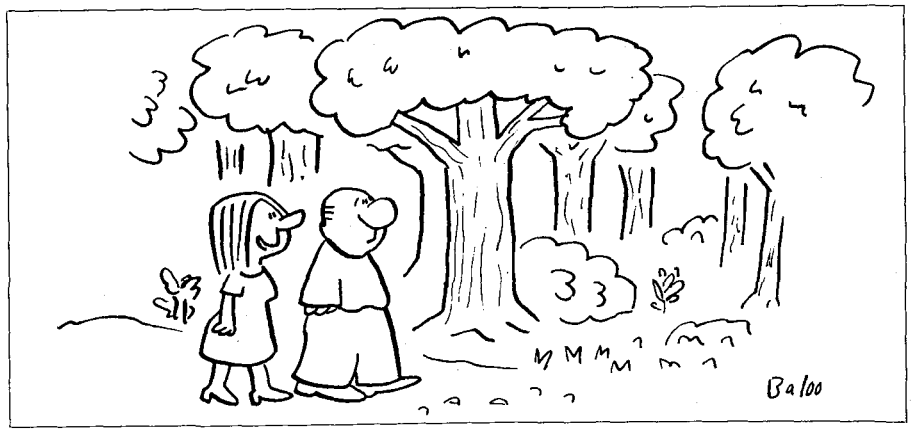
NEW YORK, APRIL 11

IT IS most awfully perplexing, what has come from George Bush lately in the matter of the price of oil.

Let us grant, while not pausing over it, the dislocation done to the oil and gas industry. That dislocation has got to be looked at in the proper economic context. The steel industry has suffered greatly from the progressive reliance on plastics. One can grieve, genuinely, over the displacement of steelworkers without making any presumptive commitment to limit the production of plastics in order to shore up steel production.

But the oil situation is different in this respect, namely, manipulation. The price of oil, we have learned, depends on what the Saudis want the price of oil to be, and this is not a tolerable situation.

Vice President Bush, the press reported, was resolved on arriving in Saudi Arabia



"I just love nature—it's so generic."

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to plead with the sheiks to restrict the production of oil so as to regularize the price, which for one dazzling day had sunk to less than $10—in constant money, less than oil cost before the big freeze in 1973 (initiated by the Shah, not the Saudis).

Now here are some thoughts on this indelicate matter:

The Vice President of the United States oughtn't to find himself pleading with a small foreign power to oblige the American economy by setting a phony price on its product. In the first place, we believe in the free-market price for oil, which means that oil should cost what the buyer agrees with the seller to pay for a barrel. Saudi Arabia has been critical, over a period of 13 years, to the success of the biggest economic gouge in the history of the industrial world. Everyone's life was affected by it. The cost to the Third World exceeds by a factor of one hundred all the philanthropies ever visited on the Third World. To be seen suggesting that in order to oblige United States economic interests the price of oil should be raised is to give the impression of complicity in oligopolistic manipulations which we disapprove of in theory and which in practice have cost us something on the order of $400 or $500 billion in artificially high fuel costs since 1973.

However, believing though we do in the free-market price, we have in the matter of oil a special situation, precisely a situation caused by the demonstrated power of OPEC to manipulate the price of oil. If it can be made to go as high as $45, and as low as $10, then the price of oil is less a matter of market negotiation than of market manipulation. We should resent the caprice of the manipulators even during that stage in their cycle when it happens that they are shedding their blessings on the American economy.

It is the perfect moment to strike. Many purposes would be served by slapping a $10 duty on the price of a barrel of oil. The least benefit, though not one to be shrugged off, is significant revenue at a time of continuing deficits. Primarily, we need to make a strategic assertion, namely that, in a pinch, we can look after our own power needs. And it is not easy to do this when the entire oil industry becomes the creature of Saudi Arabia. This is the time when, ideally, we would be filling up our strategic reserve; continuing modest exploration for fresh reserves.

And, above all, rekindling an interest in alternative power sources. Principal among these is, of course, nuclear energy. France, I kid you not, has come so far in its development of nuclear energy that it is actually negotiating to sell electricity to England! When you reflect that Great Britain is an island of coal, you get the idea: Nuclear energy is the cheapest thing in sight in Europe. Unless Jane Fonda and Helen Caldicott continue to exercise their veto power over the development of nuclear power, we could crank up that industry again. Nuclear power can't compete against $10 oil, but $10 oil, you watch, isn't here to stay. Oil is a depleting resource, which takes, oh, twenty million years to replenish by natural geological regeneration. In the meanwhile, we have grandchildren who will need electricity.

So that Mr. Bush would do better to announce to Sheik Yamani that he can produce as much or as little oil as he likes, but that any oil coming this way, other than from Mexico, is going to cost *X* plus $10 per barrel. □

SEX AND PARADOX

NEW YORK, APRIL 7

ON SUNDAY NIGHT the CBS program *60 Minutes* devoted attention to the problem of teenage pregnancies. The narrator, Ed Bradley, stressed that although the program featured black promiscuity, the rise in teenage pregnancies among whites was very nearly as startling as among blacks. The protagonist of the documentary was a bright and articulate woman in her thirties who looked a little like Lena Horne. She and a black doctor had a well-developed thesis. It was as follows: a) Promiscuous teenage sexual activity in the United States is no greater than in Europe. b) We have many more teenage pregnancies than in Europe, however, because we are a "prudish" society. c) Evidence of our prudishness is the difficulty local school boards have in instituting sex-education programs, which are opposed by many parents. d) These programs are absolutely necessary because of the failure of parents to undertake such teaching at home.

It all sounds very neat, notwithstanding that the camera goes on to show children who a) have taken the sex courses, but nevertheless b) have borne, and continue to bear, children. But what strikes the viewer most is the sudden switch in the orthodox line of liberal argumentation.

Whenever the subject of religion comes up, whether we are talking about a common prayer recited in the schools, or the discussion and treatment of religion more seriously than merely as an opening ceremony, the First Amendment rampart-watchers rise to declaim that religion is a matter for the home. It is never asked whether, in fact, children are receiving religious instruction at home. But with respect to sex, the moment you get pregnancies or venereal disease, it is quickly inferred that desirable sexual habits are not taught at home, and therefore it is the responsibility of the public schools to teach sex.

You may ask: Why does it not follow, then, that it becomes the function of the public schools to teach religion?

Ah, the rejoinder is anticipated, because, don't you see, *public* problems are the result of casual sex habits: Last year it cost the public $17 billion to look after illegitimate children.

But there is of course an appropriate counter-rejoinder. It is that instruction in religion diminishes promiscuous sexual activity. If a child is taught to believe that premarital sex is "wrong," and if the conscience is cultivated and trained, among other things by invocations of divine sanction, then illicit sexual activity is by no means eliminated, but it is reasonable to suppose that it diminishes. If a conscience does develop among young people, then they will ask themselves not merely utilitarian questions (is sex fun?) (answer: yes), but also corollary questions (is sex without regard to other factors okay?) (answer: no). It is impossible to deny, however secular the spirit of the age, that the activation of the conscience by religion is an important factor in the development of character. Why should a society concerned with the sexual explosion not be asking itself these questions, and exploring the absence of religious training in the schools and its possible relationship to abandoned moral sanctions?

It is difficult to take seriously the notion that the problem focused on is the result of the "prudishness" of our society. In the first place, it is hard to think of a society as "prudish" in which *Penthouse* and *Hustler* and *Screw* are available at the local newsstand, in which the local movie theater specializes in R-rated films and the local kiosk rents out X-rated films for a dollar a night, and rock 'n' roll lyrics urge instant capitulation to the libido.

But then, also, what is it that has caused a rise in illegitimate children by a factor of 600 per cent during the past twenty years? Our slide toward prudishness? The opposite, of course, is clear as the nose on the face of Pinocchio. During the past twenty years, we have had a) diminished religious training in the schools, thanks to the Supreme Court; b) a sharp increase in federal care for dependent children, thanks to Congress; and c) a sharp rise in the availability of sex-oriented material, in song, in movies, on television, in books and magazines, thanks to our entrepreneurs. The notion that a 13-year-old girl deep in street wisdom can't learn that the ingestion of a pill suffices to prevent pregnancy, or that a boy can't master the intricacies of a condom without elaborate instruction at school, is as laughable as the proposition that you need classroom instruction in order to teach children how to smoke cigarettes or drink beer.

Our thought leaders have got a lot of paradoxes to face. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 59)

story instead is of the "Greatest Team Ever," as it was dubbed by the Baseball Writers Association in 1969. Babe Ruth hit sixty home runs, Lou Gehrig batted in a league-leading 175 runs on 47 homers, and Waite Hoyt won 22 games. Fleming describes the home-run derby between Ruth and Gehrig but also collects stories on every other member of the team, including shortstop Mark Koenig, outfielder Earle Combs, manager Miller Huggins, and pitchers Wilcy Moore, Herb Pennock, Bob Shawkey, and Urban Shocker. Fleming also writes more in his explanatory glosses than he did in his previous histories, offering purist's observations on Ruth's talents as a pitcher, the modern designated hitter, and the shame of outfielder Bob Meusel and second baseman Tony Lazzeri not being in the Hall of Fame. At the heart of it all is sports writing so incredibly bad that it's good. Fleming is welcome back any time. JOE MYSAK

Richard Tucker: A Biography, by James A. Drake (Dutton, 304 pp., $18.95)

BEFORE HE HAD ever heard an opera, Rubin Ticker *knew* that he would become an opera star—a piece of *chutzpah* so bold that it startled Sara Perelmuth into marrying him against the wishes of her understandably suspicious parents. At the time, Ticker was a poor Jewish boy from New York who was studying to be a cantor; nobody but Sara took his grandiose dreams seriously. Needless to say, he fooled everyone except Sara and (of course) himself; Jan Peerce's little brother-in-law grew up to be Richard Tucker, the tenor who sang Radames in Toscanini's *Aïda*, recorded *La Forza del Destino* with Callas, and rivaled Caruso in the musical affections of the pre-Pavarotti generation. James A. Drake, who collaborated with Rosa Ponselle on her memoirs, has now written a biography of Tucker, which, though it won't win any prizes for musicology, sets forth Tucker's story with clarity, accuracy, and warmth. Drake tells all the familiar stories, digs up a pile of unfamiliar ones, and effectively uses a long interview Janet Bookspan did with Tucker for the American Jewish Committee's oral-history project. TERRY TEACHOUT

WORTHINGTON

(Continued from page 30)

doctors. The doctors teach others rudimentary first aid, and these minister to the populace. I can't vouch for the total numbers, but I've seen enough schools and clinics to testify that they perform valuable service, and that villagers depend on them. While UNITA held Cazombo, people in neighboring Zambia preferred going to the crude UNITA medical clinic in Cazombo rather than the clinic in their part of Zambia. They felt treatment was quicker, better, more considerate.

It is occasionally charged that UNITA is a tribal movement and that if Savimbi wins he will favor his own Ovimbundu people and tyrannize Angolans from other tribes. Tribal tyranny is always a danger in Africa, but the evidence in this case is to the contrary. UNITA supporters come from all over the country, unified by a common foe and a common language. That language of unity is, oddly, Portuguese. I raised this point repeatedly with Savimbi and with individual soldiers. In various ways they all said the same thing—that by speaking Portuguese, the native language of none of them, they were able at least partly to sublimate differences in culture, attitude, and background. As a consequence Savimbi has the teachers in his bush schools use mainly Portuguese, though his soldiers can speak any language they wish.

Finally, in a most brutal area of the world, Savimbi has a record of decency. The testimony is not mine; it comes from Amnesty International. Admittedly, AI is an imperfect barometer, but when it fails it is usually in under-reporting the abuses of closed, and therefore difficult to monitor, societies. UNITA is not in a position to shield itself from AI's inquiries. In most of its last ten annual reports, Amnesty International has not recorded *any* human-rights abuses of prisoners by UNITA. In its special book *Torture in the Eighties*, as in all its annual reports since Angola's independence, it hasn't documented any abuses by Savimbi's guerrillas.

Yet *every* report over the years is studded with outrages committed by the Marxist MPLA government in Luanda—such mundane things as executions, but also tortures and beatings, smashed jaws, electric shocks, disappearances, arrest on suspicion, and prisoners being held incommunicado for nine years and more. One teacher, Horacio Torrado, was sentenced to four years in prison by the People's Revolutionary Tribunal on the charge of insulting the late President Agostinho Neto (who died in mysterious circumstances while undergoing medical treatment in Moscow). Torrado had insulted the late president by telling his pupils that as a poet Neto was not the best in the world but was equaled in other countries.

Editors have been imprisoned for criticizing everything from government corruption to the housing shortage. In the most recent *Amnesty* report (1985), again there are no cases reported of abuses by UNITA, but there is a catalogue of death sentences and torture by the MPLA. Public rallies are staged in which the accused make self-incriminating statements. Satire or criticism of the party is an especially serious crime.

Amnesty reports are filled with evidence of UNITA people being executed on capture. Even some merely suspected of being UNITA supporters have been executed. UNITA soldiers are reluctant to give their real names, for fear they may be traced to relatives who will be punished. Savimbi's policy is the opposite—prisoners are well treated, often released in custody, and encouraged to change sides. More and more are doing this. When I was with UNITA an MPLA battalion (six hundred men) was reported to have defected to UNITA.

Those who remain reluctant to support Savimbi should at least not be supporting a regime that is committing atrocities against its own people and is kept in place only by mercenaries from the Soviet empire. Surely the most committed liberals should object to Gulf Oil and Chevron contributing a billion dollars a year to Luanda, money that pays Castro for his mercenary army and buys weapons from the USSR and the Eastern bloc.

Savimbi may not be perfect, may not even be a guarantee of a better future. But what we know suggests he is several cuts above the typical African leader and that he understands, or is coming to understand, genuine democratic principles. Given that his enemies are willing Soviet clients, at the mercy of Cuban troops, that makes him a reasonable bet. □

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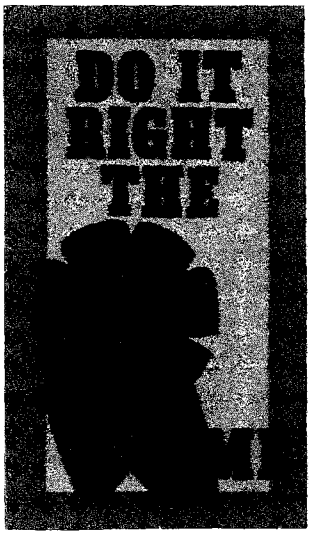

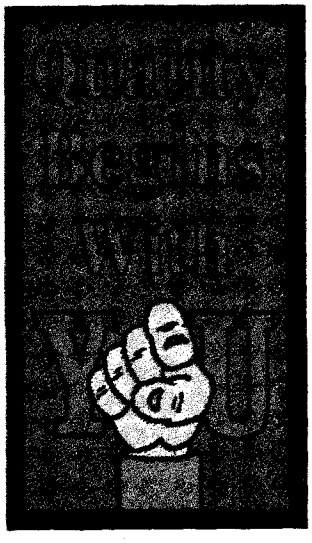

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Redundant Chinese preserve — 40 80 128 108 15 153 162 184

B. Hitchcock classic (2 words) — 119 84 14 149 163 98 126 43 32 175

C. Abridgment — 38 13 58 191 45 155 70 136 31 4 / 110 97

D. Graduation wear — 105 148 129 143 49

E. Building ornament — 99 123 140 147 75 203 9 37

F. Quick maker of stetsons — 170 164 33 104 83 48 181 124 6 159 / 64

G. *Many people lose sleep over this* — 125 130 61 28 51 201 142 115

H. Southern state — 113 59 36 132 100 204 134 157 1 86 / 19 77 196

I. City in northern Indiana — 65 195 5 180 35 146 102

J. Popular disco enhancement (2 words) — 66 161 173 53 150 118 39 8 193 109 / 89

K. Coniferous shrub — 185 29 209 67 168 17 111

L. One — 167 202 87 138

M. It precedes Lent (2 words) — 160 44 96 174 18 139 30 106 145 135 / 78 7 60

N. Poetic contraction — 79 133 183 192 26

O. When Johnny went to English class? — 46 137 179 63 74 3 190 21 103

P. Possessive pronoun — 177 90 186 114 52

Q. With frequency — 50 182 169 81 144

R. Quack medicine — 47 208 20 69 165 112 85

S. A kind of poker — 176 197 151 122

T. Say sayonara to an F-16 — 34 198 188 152 68

U. News media characterization of any conservative (hyph.) — 206 178 117 16 101 62 131 88 27

V. Most remote — 54 76 12 156 200 171 189 93

W. East African nation — 194 10 121 24 141 73

X. Copied street drug—and a dead ringer (2 words) — 116 92 199 82 41 2 158 187 57

Y. Amass — 72 205 127 56 95 23

Z. Hedgehog (arch.) — 22 42 172 94 120 71

a. Valley in eastern California — 107 11 207 154 166 25 55 91

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 H	2 X	■	3 O	4 C	5 I	6 F	7 M	8 J	9 E	■	10 W	11 a	12 V	13 C	14 B	15 A	16 U	17 K
18 M	■	19 H	20 R	■	21 O	22 Z	23 Y	24 W	25 a	26 N	27 U	■	28 G	29 K	30 M	■	31 C	32 B
■	33 F	34 T	■	35 I	■	36 H	37 E	38 C	39 J	■	40 A	41 X	42 Z	43 B	■	44 M	45 C	■
46 O	47 R	48 F	■	49 D	50 Q	51 G	52 P	■	53 J	54 V	■	55 a	56 Y	57 X	■	58 C	59 H	60 M
61 G	■	62 U	63 O	64 F	65 I	■	66 J	67 K	68 T	69 R	70 C	71 Z	72 Y	■	73 W	74 O	75 E	76 V
77 H	78 M	■	79 N	80 A	81 Q	■	82 X	83 F	84 B	85 R	86 H	87 L	88 U	■	89 J	90 P	91 a	■
92 X	93 V	94 Z	95 Y	96 M	■	97 C	98 B	99 E	100H	101U	■	102I	103O	104F	■	105D	106M	107a
■	108A	109J	110C	■	111K	112R	113H	114P	■	115G	116X	117U	118J	119B	120Z	121W	■	122S
123E	124F	■	125G	126B	■	127Y	128A	129D	130G	■	131U	132H	■	133N	134H	135M	■	136C
137O	138L	139M	140E	■	141W	142G	143D	144Q	145M	146I	■	147E	148D	149B	150J	151S	152T	153A
154a	155C	■	156V	157H	158X	159F	160M	■	161J	162A	■	163B	164F	165R	166a	■	167L	168K
■	169Q	170F	171V	■	172Z	173J	174M	175B	176S	■	177P	178U	179O	180I	■	181F	■	182Q
183N	184A	■	185K	186P	187X	188T	189V	■	190O	■	191C	192N	193J	194W	195I	196H	197S	■
198T	199X	200V	201G	202L	203E	■	204H	205Y	206U	207a	208R	209K	■	■	■	■	■	■

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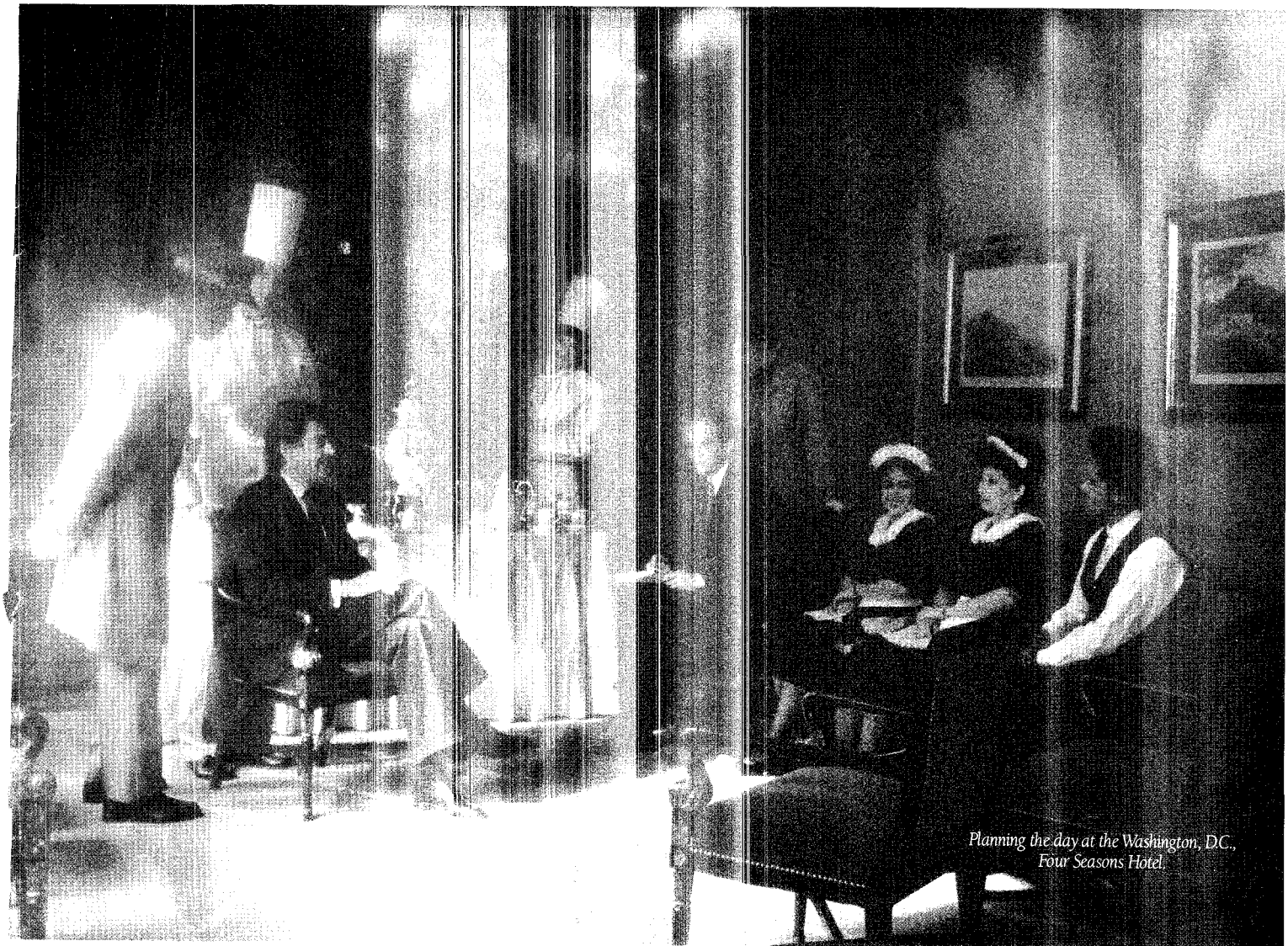

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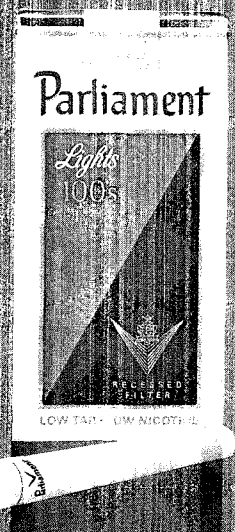

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